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THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL.¹

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CHAPTER V.

BREAKFAST at the White House, Upcote Minor, was an affair of somewhat minute regulation.

About a fortnight after Mr. Barron's call on the new tenants of Maudeley Hall, his deaf daughter Theresa entered the dining-room as usual on the stroke of half-past eight. She glanced round her to see that all was in order, the breakfast-table ready, and the chairs placed for prayers. Then she went up to a side-table which held a large Bible and Prayer-book, and a pile of hymn-books. She looked out the Lessons and Psalms for the day and placed markers in the proper places. Then she chose a hymn, and laid six open hymn-books one upon another. After which she stood for a moment looking at the first verse of the Psalm for the day: 'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills—whence cometh my help.' The verse was one of her favourites, and she smiled vaguely, like one who recognises in the distance a familiar musical phrase.

Theresa Barron was nearly thirty. She had a long face with rather high cheek-bones, and timid grey eyes. Her complexion was sallow, her figure awkward. Her only beauty indeed lay in a certain shy and fleeting charm of expression, which very few people noticed. She passed generally for a dull and plain woman, ill-dressed, with a stoop that was almost a deformity, and a deafness that made her socially useless. But the young servants whom she trained, and the few poor people on her father's

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estate to whom she was allowed to minister, were very fond of 'Miss Theresa.' But for her, the owner of Upcote Minor Park would have been even more unpopular than he was, indoors and out. The wounds made by his brusque or haughty manner to his inferiors were to a certain extent healed by the gentleness and the good heart of his daughter. And a kind of glory was reflected on him by her unreasoning devotion to him. She suffered under his hardness or his self-will, but she adored him all the time; nor was her ingenuity ever at a loss for excuses for him. He always treated her carelessly, sometimes contemptuously; but he would not have known how to get through life without her, and she was aware of it.

On this August morning, having rung the bell for the butler, she placed the Bible and Prayer-book beside her father's chair, and opening the door between the library and the dining-room she called 'Papa!'

Through the further door into the hall, there appeared a long procession of servants, headed by the butler, majestically carrying the tea-urn. Something in this daily procession, and its urn-bearer, had once sent Stephen Barron, the eldest son,—then an Eton boy just home from school,—into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which had cost him his father's good graces for a week. But the procession had been in no way affected, and at this later date Stephen on his visits home took it as gravely as anybody else.

The tea-urn, pleasantly hissing, was deposited on the white cloth; the servants settled themselves on their chairs, while Theresa distributed the open hymn-books amongst them; and when they were all seated, the master of the house, like a chief actor for whom the stage waits, appeared from the library.

He read a whole chapter from the Bible. It told the story of Gehazi, and he read it with an emphasis which the footman opposite to him secretly though vaguely resented; then Theresa at the piano played the hymn, in which the butler and the scullery-maid supported the deep bass of Mr. Barron and the uncertain treble of his daughter. The other servants remained stolidly silent, the Scotch cook in particular looking straight before her with dark spectacled eyes and a sulky expression. She was making up her mind that either she must be excused from prayers in future, or Mr. Barron must be content with less cooking for breakfast.

After the hymn, the prayer lasted about ten minutes. Stephen, a fervently religious mind, had often fidgeted under the minute and detailed petitions of it, which seemed to lay down the Almighty's precise course of action towards mankind in general for the ensuing day. But Theresa, who was no less spiritual, under other forms, took it all simply and devoutly, and would have been uncomfortable if any item in the long catalogue had been omitted. When the Amen came, the footman, who never knew what to do with his legs during the time of kneeling, sprang up with particular alacrity.

As soon as the father and daughter were seated at breakfast—close together, for the benefit of Theresa's deafness—Mr. Barron opened the post-bag and took out the letters. They arrived half an hour before breakfast, but were not accessible to anyone till the master of the house had distributed them.

Theresa looked up from hers with an exclamation.

'Stephen hopes to get over for dinner to-night!'

'Unfortunate—as I may very probably not see him,' said her father sharply. 'I am going to Markborough and may have to stay the night!'

'You are going to see the Bishop?' asked his daughter timidly. Her father nodded; adding after a minute, as he began upon his egg—

'However, I must have some conversation with Stephen before long. He knows that I have not felt able to stay my hand to meet his wishes; and perhaps now he will let me understand a little more plainly than I do what his own position is.'

The speaker's tone betrayed bitterness of feeling. Theresa looked pained.

'Father, I am sure——'

'Don't be sure of anything, my dear, with regard to Stephen! He has fallen more and more under Meynell's influence of late, and I more than suspect that when the time comes, he will take sides openly with him. It will be a bitter blow to me, but that he doesn't consider. I don't expect consideration from him, either as to that—or other things. Has he been hanging round the Fox-Wiltons lately as usual?'

Theresa looked troubled.

'He told me something the other night, father, I ought to have told you. Only——'

'Only what? I am always kept in the dark between you.'

'Oh no, father! but it seems to annoy you, when—when I talk about Stephen, so I waited. But the Rector and Lady Fox-Wilton have quite forbidden any engagement between Stephen and Hester. Stephen *did* propose—and they said—not for two years at least.'

'You mean to say that Stephen actually was such a fool!' said her father violently, staring at her.

Theresa nodded.

'A girl of the most headstrong and frivolous character!—a trouble to everybody about her. Lady Fox-Wilton has often complained to me that she is perfectly unmanageable with her temper, and her vanity!—without a farthing of money too! The worst conceivable wife for a clergyman! Really, Stephen—'

The master of the house pushed his plate away from him in speechless disgust.

'And both Lady Fox-Wilton and the Rector have always taken such trouble about her—much more than about the other children!' murmured Theresa, helplessly.

'What sort of a bringing up do you think Meynell can give anybody?' said her father, turning upon her.

Theresa only looked at him silently, with her large mild eyes. She knew it was of no use to argue. Besides, on the subject of the Rector she very much agreed with her father. Her deafness and her isolation had entirely protected her from Meynell's personal influence.

'A man with no religious principles—making a god of his own intellect—steeped in pride and unbelief—what can he do to train a girl like Hester? What can he do to train himself?' thundered Barron, bringing his hand down on the table-cloth.

'Everyone says he is a good man,' said Theresa timidly.

'In outward appearance. What's that? A man like Meynell who has thrown over the Christian faith may fall into sin at any moment. His unbelief is the result of sin. He can neither help himself—nor other people—and you need never be surprised to find that his supposed goodness is a mere sham and delusion. I don't say it is always so, of course,'—he added.

Theresa made no reply, and the subject dropped. Barron returned to his letters, and presently Theresa saw his brow darken afresh over one of them.

'Anything wrong, father?'

'There's always something wrong on this estate. Crawley

(Crawley was the head keeper) has caught those boys of John Broad again, trespassing and stealing wood in the west plantation! Perfectly abominable! It's the second or third time. I shall give Broad notice at once, and we must put somebody into that cottage who will behave decently.'

'Poor Broad!' said Theresa, with her gentle scared look. 'You know, father, there isn't a cottage to be had in the village—and those boys have no mother—and John works very hard.'

'Let him find another cottage all the same,' said Barron briefly. 'I shall go round, if I do get back from Markborough, and have a talk with him this evening.'

There was silence for a little. Theresa was evidently sad. 'Perhaps Lady Fox-Wilton would find him something,' she said anxiously at last. 'His mother was her maid long ago. First she was their schoolroom maid,—then she went back to them, when her husband died and John married, and was a kind of maid housekeeper. Nobody knew why Lady Fox-Wilton kept her so long. They tell you in the village she had a shocking temper, and wasn't at all a good servant. Afterwards I believe she went to America and I think she died. But she was with them a long while. I daresay they'd do something for John.'

Barron made no reply. He had not been listening, and was already deep in other correspondence.

One letter still remained unopened. Theresa knew very well that it was from her brother Maurice, in London. And presently she pushed it towards Barron.

'Won't you open it? I do want to know if it's all right.'

Barron opened it, rather unwillingly. His face cleared, however, as he read it.

'Not a bad report. He seems to like the work, and says they treat him kindly. He wishes to come down for the Sunday—but he wants some money.'

'He oughtn't to!' cried Theresa, flushing. 'You gave him plenty.'

'He makes out an account,' said her father, glancing at the letter; 'I shall send him a small cheque. I must say, Theresa, you are always rather inclined to a censorious temper towards your brother.'

He looked at her with an unusual vivacity in his hard handsome face. Theresa hastily excused herself, and the incident dropped. But when breakfast was over and her father had left

the room, Theresa remained sitting idly by the table, her eyes fixed on the envelope of Maurice's letter, which had fallen to the floor. Maurice's behaviour was simply disgraceful! He had lost employment after employment by lazy self-indulgence, trusting always to his father's boundless affection for him, and abusing it time after time. Theresa was vaguely certain that he was besmirched by all sorts of dreadful things—drinking and betting—if not worse. Her woman's instinct told her much more than his father had ever discovered about him. Though at the same time she had the good sense to remind herself that her own small knowledge of the world might lead her to exaggerate Maurice's misdoings. And for herself and Stephen, no less than for her father, Maurice was still the darling and Benjamin of the family, commended to them by a precious mother, whose death had left the whole moral structure of their common life insecure.

She was still absorbed in uneasy thoughts about her brother, when the library door opened violently and her father came in with the 'West Cumbrian Sentinel' in his hand.

His face was discomposed; his hand shook. Theresa sprang up.

'What is the matter, father?'

He pointed to the first page of the paper, and to the heading—
'Extraordinary meeting at Markborough. Proceedings against the Rector of Upcote. Other clergy and congregations rally to his support.'

She read the account with stupefaction. It described a meeting summoned by the 'Reformers' Club' of Markborough to consider the announcement that a Commission of Enquiry had been issued by the Bishop of Markborough, in the case of the Rector of Upcote Minor, and that legal proceedings against him for *heretical teaching and unauthorised services* would be immediately begun by certain promoters, as soon as the Bishop's formal consent had been given.

The meeting, it seemed, had been so crowded and tumultuous that adjournment had been necessary from the premises of the Reformers' Club to the Town Hall. And there, in spite of the strong orthodox opposition, a resolution in support of the Rector of Upcote had been passed, amid scenes of astonishing enthusiasm. Three or four well-known local clergy had made the most outspoken speeches, declaring that there must be room made within the Church for the Liberal wing, as well as for the Ritualist.

wing; that both had a right to the shelter of the common and ancestral fold; and that the time had come when the two forms of Christianity now prevailing in Christendom should be given full and equal rights within the Church of the nation.

Meynell himself had spoken, urging on the meeting the profound responsibility resting on the Reformers—the need for gentleness no less than for courage; bidding them remember the sacredness of the ground they were treading, the tenacity and depth of the roots they might be thought to be disturbing.

'Yet at the same time we must *fight*!—and we must fight with all our strength. For over whole classes of this nation, Christianity is either dying or dead; and it is only we—and the ideas we represent—that can save it.'

The speech had been received with deep emotion rather than applause;—and the meeting had there and then proceeded to the formation of a 'Reformers' League' to extend throughout the diocese. '*It is already rumoured,*' said the 'Sentinel,' 'that at least sixteen or eighteen beneficed clergy, with their congregations, have either joined, or are about to join, the Reformers. The next move now lies with the Bishop, and with the orthodox majority of the diocese. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Meynell and his companions in heresy will very soon find out that the Church has still power enough to put down such scandalous rebellions against her power and authority as that of the Rector of Upcote; and to purge her borders of disloyal and revolutionary priests.'

Theresa looked up. Her face had grown pale. 'How terrible, father! Did you know they were to hold the meeting?'

'I heard something about a debate at this precious Club. What does that matter? Let them blaspheme in private as they please; it hurts nobody but themselves. But a public meeting at the Bishop's very door—and eighteen of his clergy!'

He paced the room up and down, in an excitement he could hardly control. 'The poor, poor Bishop!' said Theresa, softly, the tears in her eyes.

'He will have the triumph of his life!' exclaimed Barron, looking up. 'If there are dry bones on our side, this will put life into them. Those fellows have given themselves into our hands!'

He paused in his walk, falling into a profound reverie, in which he lost all sense of his daughter's presence. She dared not rouse him; and indeed the magnitude of the scandal and

distress left her speechless. She could only think of the Bishop—the frail, saintly Bishop whom everyone loved. At last a clock struck. She said gently—

‘Father, I think it is time to go.’

Barron started, drew a long breath, gathered up the newspaper, and took a letter from his pocket.

‘That is for Maurice. Put in anything you like, but don’t miss the morning post.’

‘Do you see the Bishop this morning, father?’

‘No—this afternoon. But there will be plenty to do this morning.’ He named two or three heads of the Church party in Markborough on whom he must call. He must also see his solicitor, and find out whether the counsel whom the promoters of the writ against Meynell desired to secure had been already retained.

He kissed his daughter absently and departed, settling all his home business before he left the house in his usual peremptory manner, leaving behind him indeed in the minds of his butler and head gardener, who had business with him, a number of small but smarting wraths, which would ultimately have to be smoothed away by Theresa.

But when Theresa explored the open envelope he had given her for her brother, she found in it a cheque for £50, and a letter which seemed to Maurice’s sister—unselfish and tender as she was—deplorably lacking in the scolding it ought to have contained. If only her father had ever shown the same affection for Stephen!

Meanwhile as Barron journeyed to Markborough, under the shadow of the great Cathedral quite another voice than his was in possession of the Episcopal ear. Precisely at eleven o’clock, Richard Meynell appeared on the doorstep of the Palace, and was at once admitted to the Bishop’s study.

As he entered the large book-lined room, his name was announced in a tone which did not catch the Bishop’s attention, and Meynell, as he hesitatingly advanced, became the spectator of a scene not intended for his eyes. On the Bishop’s knee sat a little girl of seven or eight. She was crying bitterly, and the Bishop had his arms round her and was comforting her.

‘There *was* bogeys, grandfather!—there *was*!—and Nannie said I told lies—and I didn’t tell lies.’

'Darling, there aren't bogeys anywhere—but I'm sure you didn't tell lies. What did you think they were like?'

'Grandfather, they was all black—and they jumped—and wiggled—and spitted—o-o-oh!'

And the child went off in another wail, at which moment the Bishop perceived Meynell. His delicate cheek flushed, but he held up his hand, in smiling entreaty; and Meynell disappeared behind a revolving bookcase.

The Bishop hastily returned to the charge, endeavouring to persuade his little granddaughter that the 'bogey' had really been 'cook's black cat,' generally condemned to the kitchen and blackbeetles, but occasionally let loose to roam the upper floors in search of nobler game. The child dried her eyes, and listened, gravely weighing his remarks. Her face gradually cleared, and when at the end he said slyly, 'And even if there were bogeys, little girls shouldn't throw hairbrushes at their Nannies!' she nodded a judicial head, adding plaintively—

'But then Nannies mustn't talk *all* the time, grandfather! Little girls must talk a itty itty bit. If Nannies not let them, little girls *must* frow somefing at Nannies.'

The Bishop laughed—a low soft sound, from which Meynell in the distance caught the infection of mirth. A few murmured words—no doubt a scolding—and then—

'Are you good, Barbara?'

'Ye-s,' said the child, slowly—'not very.'

'Good enough to say you're sorry to Nannie?'

The child smiled into his face.

'Go along then, and say it!' said the Bishop, 'and mind you say it nicely.'

Barbara threw her arm round his neck, and hugged him passionately. Then he set her down, and she ran happily away, through a door at the further end of the room.

Meynell advanced, and the Bishop came to meet him. Over both faces, as they approached each other, there dropped a sudden shadow—a tremor as of men who knew themselves on the brink of a tragical collision,—decisive of many things. And yet they smiled, the presence of the child still enwrapping them.

'Excuse these domesticities!' said the Bishop—'but there was such woe and lamentation just before you came. And childish griefs go deep. Bogeys—of all kinds—have much to answer for!'

Then the Bishop's smile disappeared. He beckoned Meynell to a chair, and sat down himself.

Francis Craye, Bishop of Markborough, was physically a person of great charm. He was small—not more than five foot seven; but so slenderly and perfectly made, so graceful and erect in bearing, that his height, or lack of it, never detracted in the smallest degree from his dignity, or from the reverence inspired by the innocence and unworldliness of his character. A broad brow, overshadowing and outweighing the face, combined with extreme delicacy of feature, a touch of emaciation, and a pure rose in the alabaster of the cheeks, to produce the aspect of a most human ghost—a ghost which had just tasted the black blood, and recovered for an hour all the vivacity of life. The mouth, thin-lipped and mobile to excess, was as apt for laughter as for tenderness; the blue eyes were frankness and eagerness itself. And when the glance of the spectator pursued the Bishop downwards, it was to find that his legs, in the episcopal gaiters, were no less ethereal than his face; while his silky white hair added the last touch of refinement to a personality of spirit and fire.

Meynell was the first to speak.

'My lord! let me begin this conversation by once more thanking you—from my heart—for all the personal kindness that you have shown me in the last few months, and in the correspondence of the last fortnight.'

His voice wavered a little. The Bishop made no sign.

'And perhaps,' Meynell resumed, 'I felt it the kindest thing of all that—after the letters I have written you this week—after the meeting of yesterday—you should have sent me that telegram last night, saying that you wished to see me to-day. That was like you—that touched me indeed!' He spoke with visible emotion.

The Bishop looked up.

'There can be no question, Meynell, of any personal enmity between yourself and me,' he said gravely. 'I shall act in the matter entirely as the responsibilities of my office dictate—that you know. But I have owed you much in the past—much help—much affection. This diocese owes you much. I felt I must make one last appeal to you—terrible as the situation has grown. You could not have foreseen that meeting of yesterday!' he added impetuously, raising his head.

Meynell hesitated.

'No, I had no idea we were so strong. But it might have been foreseen. The forces that brought it about have been rising steadily for many years.'

There was no answer for a moment. The Bishop sat with clasped hands, his legs stretched out before him, his white head bent. At last, without moving, he said—

'There are grave times coming on this diocese, Meynell—there are grave times coming on the Church!'

'Does any living Church escape them?' said Meynell, watching him,—with a heavy heart.

The Bishop shook his head.

'I am a man of peace. Where you see a hope of victory for what you think, no doubt, a great cause, I see above the *mêlée*, Strife and Confusion and Fate,—“red with the blood of men.” What can you—and those who were at that meeting yesterday—hope to gain by these proceedings? If you could succeed, you would break up the Church—the strongest weapon that exists in this country against sin and selfishness—and who would be the better?'

'Believe me—we shan't break it up.'

'Certainly you will! Do you imagine that men who are the spiritual sons and heirs of Pusey and Liddon are going to sit down quietly in the same Church with you and the eighteen who started this League yesterday? They would sooner die.'

Meynell bore the onslaught quietly.

'It depends upon our strength,—' he said, slowly—'and the strength we develop, as the fight goes on.'

'Not at all!—a monstrous delusion!' The Bishop raised an indignant brow. 'If you overwhelmed us—if you got the State on your side, as in France at the Revolution—you would still have done nothing towards your end—nothing whatever! We refuse—we shall always refuse—to be unequally yoked with those who deny the fundamental truths of the Faith!'

'My lord, you are so yoked at the present moment,' said Meynell firmly—the colour had flashed back into his cheeks—'It is the foundation of our case that half the educated men and women we gather into our churches to-day are—in our belief—Modernists already. Question them!—they are with us—not with you. That is to say, they have tacitly shaken off the old forms—the creeds and formularies that bind the visible, the

legal Church. They do not even think much about them. Forgive me if I speak plainly! They are not grieving about the old. Their soul—those of them, I mean, that have the gift of religion—is travailing—dumbly travailing—with the new. Slowly, irresistibly, they are evolving for themselves new forms, new creeds; whether they know it or not. You—the traditional party—you, the Bishops and the orthodox majority—can help them, or hinder them. If you deny them organised expression and outlet, you prolong the dull friction between them and the current Christianity. You waste where you might gather—you quench where you might kindle. But there they are—in the same Church with you—and you cannot drive them out!’

The Bishop made a sound of pain.

‘I wish to drive no one out,’ he said, lifting a diaphanous hand. ‘To his own master let each man stand or fall. But you ask us—*us*, the appointed guardians of the Faith—the *ecclesia docens*—the historic episcopate—to deny and betray the Faith! You ask us to assent formally to the effacing of all difference between Faith and Unfaith—you bid us tell the world publicly that belief matters nothing—that a man may deny all the Divine Facts of Redemption, and still be as good a Christian as anyone else. History alone might tell you—and I am speaking for the moment as a student to a student—that the thing is inconceivable!’

‘Unless—*solvitur vivendo*!’ said Meynell in a low voice. ‘What great change in the religious life of men has not seemed inconceivable—till it happened? Think of the great change that brought this English Church into being! Within a couple of generations men had to learn to be baptized, and married, and buried, with rites unknown to their fathers—to stand alone and cut off from the great whole of Christendom—to which they had once belonged—to see the Mass, the cult of Our Lady and the Saints, disappear from their lives. What change that any Modernist proposes could equal that? But England lived through it!—England emerged!—she recovered her equilibrium. Looking back upon it all now, we see—you and I agree there!—that it was worth while—that the energising revealing power behind the world was in the confusion and the dislocation; and that England gained more than she lost when she made for herself an English and a national Church in these islands, out of the shattered *débris* of the Roman system.’

He bent forward, and looked intently into the Bishop's face.—
'What if another hour of travail be upon us? And is any birth possible without pain?'

'Don't let us argue the Reformation!' said the Bishop, with a new sharpness of note. 'We should be here all night. But let me at least point out to you that the Church kept her Creeds!—the Succession!—the four great Councils!—the unbroken unity of essential dogma. But you'—he turned with renewed passion on his companion—'what have you done with the Creeds? Every word in them steeped in the heart's blood of generations!—and you put them aside as a kind of theological *bric-à-brac* that concerns us no more. Meynell!—you have no conception of the forces that this movement of yours, if you persist in it, will unchain against you!—You are like children playing with the lightning!'

Denunciation and warning sat with a curious majesty on the little Bishop as he launched these words. It was with a visible effort that Meynell braced himself against them.

'Perhaps I estimate the forces for and against, differently from yourself, Bishop. But when you prophesy war, I agree. There will be war!—and that makes the novelty of the situation. Till now there has never been equality enough for war. The heretic has been an excrescence to be cut away. Now you will have to make some terms with him! For the ideas behind him have invaded your inmost life. They are all about you and around you—and when you go out to fight him, you will discover that you are half on his side!'

'If that means,' said the Bishop impatiently—'that the Church is accessible to new ideas—that she is now, as she has always been, a learned Church,—the Church of Westcott and Lightfoot, of a host of younger scholars who are as well acquainted with the ideas and contentions of Modernism—as you call it—as any Modernist in Europe—and are still the faithful servants and guardians of Christian dogma—why then, you say what is true! We perfectly understand your positions!—and we reject them.'

Through Meynell's expression there passed a gleam—slight and gentle—of something like triumph.

'Forgive me!—but I think you have given me my point. Let me recall to you the French sayings—"Comprendre, c'est pardonner—Comprendre, c'est aimer." It is because for the

first time you do understand them!—that, for the first time, the same arguments play upon you as play upon us—it is for that very reason that we regard the field as half won, before the battle is even joined.'

The Bishop gazed upon him with a thin dropping lip—an expression of suffering in the clear blue eyes.

'That Christians'—he said under his breath,—'should divide the forces of Christ—with the sin and misery of this world devouring and defiling our brethren day by day!'

'What if it be—not "dividing"—but doubling—the forces of Christ!' said Meynell, with pale resolution. 'All that we ask is the Church should recognise existing facts—that organisation should shape itself to reality. In our eyes, Christendom is divided to-day—or is rapidly dividing itself—into two wholly new camps. The division between Catholic and Protestant is no longer the supreme division; for the force that is rising affects both Protestant and Catholic equally. Each of the new divisions has a philosophy and a criticism of its own; each of them has an immense hold on human life, though Modernism is only now slowly realising and putting out its power. Two camps!—two systems of thought!—both of them, *Christian* thought. Yet one of them, one only, is *in possession*—of the churches, the forms, the institutions; the other is everywhere knocking at the gates. "Give us our portion!"—we say,—"*in Christ's name.*" But *only our portion!* We do not dream of dispossessing the old—it is the last thing, even, that we desire. But for the sake of souls now wandering and desolate, we ask to live side by side with the old—in brotherly peace, in equal right—sharing what the past has bequeathed! Yes, even the loaves and fishes!—they ought to be justly divided out like the rest. But, above all, the powers, the opportunities, the trials, the labours of the Christian Church!'

'In other words, so far as the English Church is concerned, you propose to reduce us within our own borders to a peddling confusion of sects, held together by the mere physical link of our buildings and our endowments!' said the Bishop, as he straightened himself in his chair.

He spoke with a stern and contemptuous force which transformed the small body and sensitive face. In the old room, the library of the Palace, with its rows of calf-bound folios, and its vaulted fifteenth-century roof, he sat as the embodiment of

ancient inherited things, his gentleness lost in that collective, that corporate pride, which has been at once the noblest and the deadliest force in history.

Meynell's expression changed, in correspondence. It, too, grew harder, more challenging.

'My lord—is there no loss already to be faced, of another kind?—is all well with the Church? How often have I found you here—forgive me!—grieving for the loss of souls—the decline of faith—the empty churches—the dwindling communicants—the spread of secularist literature—the hostility of the workmen. And yet what devotion, what zeal, there is in this diocese, beginning with our Bishop! Have we not often asked ourselves what such facts could possibly mean!—why God seemed to have forsaken us?'

'They mean luxury and selfishness—the loss of discipline at home and abroad,' said the Bishop, with bitter emphasis. 'It is hard indeed to turn the denial of Christ into an argument against His Gospel!'

Meynell was silent. His heart was burning within him, with a passionate sense, at once of the vast need and hungry unrest, so sharply dismissed by the Bishop, and of the efficacy of that 'new teaching' for which he stood. But he ceased to try and convey it by argument. After a few moments, he began in his ordinary voice to report various developments of the movement in the diocese, of which he believed the Bishop to be still ignorant.

'We wish to conceal nothing from you,' he said at last with emotion; 'and consistently with the trial of strength that must come, we desire to lighten the burden on our Bishop as much as we possibly can. This will be a solemn testing of great issues,—we on our side are determined to do nothing to embitter or disgrace it.'

The Bishop, now grown very white, looked at him intently.

'I make one last appeal, Meynell, to your obedience!—and to the promises of your ordination.'

'I was a boy then'—said Meynell slowly—'I am a man now. I took those vows sincerely, in absolute good faith; and all the changes in me have come about, as it seems to me, by the in-breathing of a spirit not my own—partly from new knowledge—partly in trying to help my people to live—or to die. They represent to me things lawfully—divinely—learnt. So that in the change itself I cannot acknowledge or feel wrongdoing. But

you remind me—as you have every right to do—that I accepted certain rules and conditions. Now that I break them, must I not resign the position dependent on them? Clearly, if it were a question of any ordinary society. But the Christian Church is not an ordinary society! It is the sum of Christian Life!’

The Bishop raised a hand of protest, but without speaking. Meynell resumed—

‘And that Life makes the Church—moulds it afresh, from age to age. There are times—we hold—when the Church very nearly expresses the Life; there are others when there are great discordances between the Life and its expression in the Church. We believe that there are such discordances now; because—once more—of a New Learning. And we believe that to withdraw from the struggle to make the Church more fully represent the Life, would be sheer disloyalty and cowardice. We must stay it out, and do our best. We are not dishonest—for unlike many Liberals of the past and the present—we speak out! We are inconsistent indeed with a past pledge; but are we any more inconsistent than the High Churchman who repudiates the “blasphemous fables” of the Mass when he signs the Articles, and then encourages adoration of the Reserved Sacrament in his church?’

The Bishop made no immediate reply. He was at that moment involved in a struggle with an incumbent in Markborough itself, who under the very shadow of the Cathedral had been celebrating the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in flat disobedience to his diocesan. His mind wandered for a minute or two to this case. Then, rousing himself, he said abruptly, with a keen look at Meynell—

‘I know of course that, in your case, there can be no question of clinging to the money of the Church.’

Meynell flushed.

‘I had not meant to speak of it—but your lordship knows that all I receive from my living is given back to Church purposes. I support myself by what I write. There are others of us who risk much more than I—who risk indeed their all!’

‘You have done a noble work for your people, Meynell.’ The Bishop’s voice was not unlike a groan.

‘I have done nothing but what was my bounden duty to do.’

‘And practically your parish is with you in this terrible business?’

'The Church people in it, by an immense majority—and some of the Dissenters. Mr. Barron, as you know, is the chief complainant, and there are of course some others with him.'

'I expect to see Mr. Barron this afternoon,' remarked the Bishop, frowning.

Meynell said nothing.

The Bishop rose.

'I understand from your letter this morning that you have no intention of repeating the service of last Sunday?'

'Not at present. But the League will go to work at once on a revised service-book.'

'Which you propose to introduce on a given Sunday—in all the Reformers' churches?'

'That is our plan.'

'You are quite aware that this whole scheme may lead to tumults—breaches of the peace?'

'It may,' said Meynell reluctantly.

'But you risk it?'

'We must,' said Meynell, after a pause.

'And you refuse—I ask you once more—to resign your living at my request?'

'I do—for the reasons I have given.'

The Bishop's eyes sparkled.

'As to my course,' he said, drily—'Letters of Request will be sent at once to the Court of Arches preferring charges of heretical teaching and unauthorised services, against yourself and two other clergy. I shall be represented by so-and-so,'—he named the lawyers.

They stood, exchanging a few technical informations of this kind for a few minutes. Then Meynell took up his hat. The Bishop hesitated a moment, then held out his hand.

Meynell grasped it, and suddenly stooped and kissed the episcopal ring.

'I am an old man'—said the Bishop brokenly—'and a weary one. I pray God that He will give me strength to bear this burden that is laid upon me.'

Meynell went away, with bowed head. The Bishop was left alone. He moved to the window and stood looking out. Across the green of the quadrangle rose the noble mass of the Cathedral. His lips moved in prayer; but all the time it was as though he saw beside the visible structure,—its ordered beauty, its proud

and cherished antiquity—a ruined phantom of the great church, roofless and fissured, its sacred places open to the winds and rains, its pavements broken and desolate.

The imagination grew upon him; and it was only with a great effort that he escaped from it.

'My bogeys are as foolish as Barbara's!' he said to himself with a smile, as he went back to the daily toil of his letters.

CHAPTER VI.

MEYNELL left the Palace shaken and exhausted. He carried in his mind the image of his Bishop, and he walked in bitterness of soul. The quick optimistic imagination which had alone made the action of these last weeks possible had for the moment deserted him, and he was paying the penalty of his temperament.

He turned into the Cathedral, and knelt there some time, conscious less of articulate prayer than of the vague influences of the place; the warm grey of its shadows, the relief of its mere space and silence; the beauty of the creeping sunlight—gules, or, and purple—on the spreading pavements. And vaguely—while the Bishop's grief still, as it were, smarted within his own heart—there arose the sense that he was the mere instrument of a cause; that personal shrinking and compunction were not allowed him; that he was the guardian of nascent rights and claims far beyond anything affecting his own life. Some such conviction is essential to the religious leader—to the enthusiast indeed of any kind; and it was not withheld from Richard Meynell.

When he rose and went out, he saw coming towards him a man he knew well,—Fenton, the vicar of a church on the outskirts of Markborough, famous for its 'high' doctrine and services; a young boyish fellow, curly-haired, in whom the 'gaiety' that Catholicism, Anglican or Roman, prescribes to her most devout children was as conspicuous as an ascetic and laborious life. Meynell loved and admired him. At a small clerical meeting the two men had once held an argument that had been long remembered—Fenton maintaining hotly the doctrine of an intermediate and purgatorial state after death, basing it entirely on a vision of Saint Perpetua recorded in the 'Acta' of that Saint. Impossible, said the fair-haired, frank-eyed priest—who had been one of the best wicket-keepers of his day at Winchester—that so

solemn a vision, granted to a martyr, at the moment almost of death, could be misleading. Purgatory therefore must be accepted and believed; even though it might not be expedient to proclaim it publicly from an Anglican pulpit. 'Since the evening when I first read the "Acta" of SS. Perpetua and Felicitas,' said the speaker, with an awed sincerity, 'I have never doubted for myself, nor have I dared to hide from my penitents what is my own opinion.'

In reply, Meynell, instead of any general argument, had gently taken the very proof offered him—i.e. the vision; dissecting it, the time in which it arose, and the mind in which it occurred, with an historical knowledge, and a quick and tender penetration which had presently absorbed the little company of listeners. Till Fenton said abruptly, with a frown of perplexity—

'In that way, one might explain anything—the Transfiguration for instance—or Pentecost.'

Meynell looked up quickly.

'Except—the mind that dies for an idea!'

Yet the encounter had left them friends; and the two men had been associated not long afterwards in an heroic attempt to stop some dangerous rioting arising out of a strike in one of the larger collieries.

Meynell watched the young figure of Fenton approaching through the bands of light and shadow in the great nave. As it came nearer, some instinct made him stand still, as though he became the mere spectator of what was about to happen. Fenton lifted his head; his eyes met Meynell's, and without the smallest recognition, his gaze fixed on the pavement, he passed on towards the east end of the Cathedral.

Meynell straightened himself for a minute's 'recollection,' and went his way. On the pavement outside the western portal he ran into another acquaintance—a Canon of the Cathedral, hurrying home to lunch from a morning's work in the Cathedral library. Canon France looked up, saw who it was, and Meynell, every nerve strained to its keenest, perceived the instant change of expression. But there was no ignoring him; though the Canon did not offer to shake hands.

'Ah! Meynell, is that you? A fine day at last!'

'Yes, we may save the harvest yet!' said Meynell, pausing in his walk.

A kind of nervous curiosity bade him try and detain the

Canon. But France—a man of sixty-five, with a large Buddha-like face, and a pair of remarkably shrewd and humorous black eyes—looked him quickly over from top to toe, and hurried on, throwing a ‘good-bye’ over his shoulder. When he and Meynell had last met, it had been to talk for a friendly hour over Monseigneur Duchesne’s last book, and its bearing on Ultramontane pretensions; and they had parted with a cordial grip of the hand, promising soon to meet again.

‘Yet he knew me for a heretic then!’ thought Meynell. ‘I never made any secret of my opinions.’

All the same, as he walked on, he forced himself to acknowledge to the full the radical change in the situation. Acts of war suspend the normal order; and no combatant has any right to complain.

Then a moment’s weariness seized him, of the whole train of thought to which his days and nights were now committed; and he turned with eagerness to look at the streets of Markborough, full of a market-day crowd, and of ‘the great mundane movement.’ Farmers and labourers were walking up and down, oxen and sheep in the temporary pens of the market-place were waiting for purchasers; there was a Socialist lecturer in one corner, and a Suffragist lady on a waggon in another. The late August sun shone upon the ruddy faces and broad backs of men to whom certainly it did not seem to be of great importance whether the Athanasian Creed were omitted from the devotions of Christian people or no. There was a great deal of chaffering going on; a little courting, and some cheating. Meynell recognised some of his parishioners, spoke to a farmer or two, exchanged greeting with a sub-agent of the miners’ union, and gave some advice to a lad in his choir who had turned against the pits, and come to ‘hire’ himself at Markborough.

It was plain to him, however, after a little, that, although he might wish to forget himself among the crowd, the crowd was, on the contrary, rather sharply aware of the rector of Upcote. He perceived as he moved slowly up the street that he was in fact a marked man. Looks followed him; and the men he knew greeted him with a difference.

A little beyond the market-place, he turned down a narrow street leading to the mother church of the town,—an older foundation even than the Cathedral. Knocking at the door in the wall, he was admitted to an old Rectory house, adjacent to the

church, and in its low-ceiled dining-room he found six of the already famous 'eighteen' assembled; among them the two other clergy who with himself had been singled out for the first testing prosecution. A joint letter was being drawn up for the Press.

Meynell was greeted with rejoicing—a quiet rejoicing, as of men occupied with grave matters, that precluded any ebullience of talk. With Meynell's appearance, the meeting became more formal, and it was proposed to put the vicar of the ancient church under whose shadow they were gathered, into the chair. The old man, Treherne by name, had been a double-first in days when double-firsts were everything, and in a class-list not much more modern than Mr. Gladstone's. He was a gentle scholarly person, silent and timid in ordinary life, and his adhesion to the 'eighteen' had been an astonishment to friends and foes. But he was not to be inveigled into the 'chair' on any occasion, least of all in his own dining-room.

'I should keep you here all night, and you would get nothing done,' he said with a smiling wave of the hand. 'Besides—*excludat jurgia finis!*—let there be an age-limit in all things! Put Meynell in. It is he that has brought us all into this business.'

So, for an hour or more, Meynell, and the six, grappled with the letter that was to convey the challenge of the revolted congregations to the general public, through the 'Times.' It was not an easy matter, and some small jealousies and frictions lifted their heads that had been wholly lost sight of in the white-hot feeling of the inauguration meeting.

Yet on the whole the seven men gathered in this room were not unworthy to lead the 'forlorn hope' they had long determined on. Darwen,—young, handsome, spiritual, a Third Classic, and a Chancellor's medallist;—Waller, his Oxford friend, a man of the same type, both representing the recent flowing back of intellectual forces into the Church which for nearly half a century had abandoned her; Petitôt, Swiss by origin, small, black-eyed, irrepressible, with a great popularity among the hosiery operatives of whom his parish was mainly composed; Derrick, the Socialist, of humble origin and starved education, yet possessed of a natural sway over men, given him by a pair of marvellous blue eyes, a character of transparent simplicity, a tragic honesty and the bitter-sweet gift of the orator; Chesham, a man who had left the Army for the Church, had been grappling

for ten years with a large parish of secularist artisans, and was now preaching Modernism, with a Franciscan fervour and success; and Rollin, who owned a slashing literary style, was a passionate Liberal in all fields, had done excellent work in the clearing and cleaning of slums, with much loud and unnecessary talk by the way, and wrote occasionally for the 'Daily Watchman.' Chesham and Darwen were Meynell's co-defendants in the suit brought by the Bishop.

Rollin alone seemed out of place in this gathering of men, drawing tense breath under a new and almost unbearable responsibility. He was so in love with the sensational, notoriety side of the business, so eager to pull wires and square editors, so frankly exultant in the 'big row' coming on, that Meynell, with the Bishop's face still in his mind, could presently hardly endure him. He felt as Renan towards Gavroche. Was it worth while to go through so much that Rollin might cut a figure, and talk at large about 'modern thought'?

However, Darwen and Waller, Derrick also, were just as determined as Meynell to keep down the frothy self-advertising element in the campaign to the minimum that human nature seems unable to do without. So that Rollin found himself gradually brought into line, being not a bad fellow, but only a common one; and he abandoned with much inward chagrin the project of a flaming 'interview' for the 'Daily Watchman' on the following day.

And indeed, as this handful of men settled down to the consideration of the agenda for a large Conference to be held in Markborough the following week, there might have been discerned in six of them, at least, a temper that glorified both them and their enterprise; a temper of seriousness, courage, unalterable conviction; with such delicacy of feeling as befits men whose own brethren and familiar companions have become their foes. They were all pastors in the true sense; and every man of them knew that in a few months he would probably have lost his benefice and his prospects. Only Treherne was married; and only he and Rollin had private means.

Meynell was clearly their leader. Where the hopefulness of the others was intermittent his was constant; his knowledge of the English situation generally, as well as of the lie of forces in the Markborough district, was greater than theirs; and his ability as a writer made him their natural exponent. It was he who

drew up the greater part of their 'encyclical' for the press; and by the time the meeting was over he had so heightened in them the sense of mission, so cheered them with the vision of a wide response from the mind of England, that all lesser thoughts were sunk, and they parted in quietness and courage.

Meynell left the outskirts of Markborough by the Maudeley road, meaning to walk to Upcote by Forkéd Pond and Maudeley Park.

It was now nearly a fortnight since he had seen Mary Elsmere, and for the first time, almost, in these days of storm and stress was he able to give himself up to the soreness of the thought. He had dined at Maudeley, making time with infinite difficulty; Mrs. Elsmere and her daughter were not there. He had asked Mrs. Flaxman to tea at the Rectory, and had suggested that she should bring her sister and her niece. Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman appeared—without companions. Once or twice he had caught sight of the girlish figure moving beside Miss Puttenham in the woods, or on the heath. Yet he had not ventured to intrude upon the two friends. It had seemed to him it must be her will to avoid him; and he respected it.

It was a day towards the end of August. As Meynell entered the Maudeley lane, with the woods of Sandford Abbey on his left, and the little trout-stream flashing and looping through the meadows on his right, his mind had passed altogether from public affairs. In the background hovered always the image of Mary Elsmere, vague influences flowing from it, now of pleasure, now of pain; but the detail of thought was made up of other things.

Stephen Barron had been with him the night before; and Meynell could not but think remorsefully of their conversation.

'And I can explain nothing—to make it easier for the poor old fellow—nothing! He thinks if we had allowed the engagement, it would all have come right—he would have got a hold upon her, and been able to shape her. Oh my dear boy—my dear boy! Yet, when the time comes,—Stephen shall have his chance!—unless indeed she has settled her destiny for herself by then, without any reference to us. And Stephen shall know—what there is to know!'

As to Hester herself, she seemed to have been keeping the Fox-Wilton household in perpetual fear. She went about in her mocking, mysterious way, denying that she knew anything about

Sir Philip Meryon, or had any dealings with him. Yet it was shrewdly suspected that letters had passed between them, and Hester's proceedings were so quick-silverish and incalculable, that it was impossible to keep a constant watch upon her. In the wilderness of Maudeley Park, which lay directly between the two houses, they might quite well have met—they probably had met. Meynell noticed and rebuked in himself a kind of settled pessimism as to Hester's conduct and future. 'Do what you will,' it seemed to say—'do all you can—but that life has in it the ferments of tragedy.'

Had they at least been doing all they could?—he asked himself anxiously, vowing that no public campaign must or should distract him from a private trust much older than it, and no less sacred. In the midst of the turmoil of these weeks he had been corresponding on Lady Fox-Wilton's behalf with a lady in Paris to whom a girl of Hester's age and kind might be safely committed for the perfecting of her French and music. It had been necessary to warn the lady that in the case of such a *pensionnaire* as Hester the male sex might give trouble; and Hester had not yet signified her gracious consent to go.

But she would go—she must go—and Alice Puttenham would escort her. Good Heavens, if one had only Edith Fox-Wilton to depend on in these troubles!

As for Philip Meryon, he was, of course, now and always, a man of vicious habits and no scruples. He seemed to be staying at Sandford with the usual crew of flashy disreputable people, and to allow Hester to run any risks with regard to him would be simply criminal. Yet with so inefficient a watch-dog as Lady Fox-Wilton, who could guarantee anything? Alice, of course, thought of nothing else than Hester, night and day. But it was part of the pathos of the situation that she had so little influence on the child's thoughts and deeds.

Poor, lonely woman! In Alice's sudden friendship for Mary Elsmere, her junior by some twelve years, the Rector, with an infinite pity, read the confession of a need that had become at last intolerable. For these seventeen years he had never known her make an intimate friend, and to see her now with this charming responsive girl was to realise what the long hunger for affection must have been. Yet even now, how impossible to satisfy it, as other women could satisfy it! What ghosts and shadows about the path of friendship!

'A dim and perilous way' his mind went sounding back along the intricacies of Alice Puttenham's story. The old problems arose in connexion with it,—problems now of ethics, now of expediency. And interfused with them a sense of dull amazement and yet of intolerable repetition—in this difficulty which had risen with regard to Hester. The owner of Sandford—and Hester! When he had first seen them together, it had seemed a thing so sinister, that his mind had refused to take it seriously. A sharp word to her, a word of warning to her natural guardians—and surely all was mended. Philip never stayed more than three weeks in the old house; he would very soon be gone, and Hester's fancy would turn to something else.

But that the passing shock should become anything more! There rose before Meynell's imagination a vision of the two by the river, not in the actual brightness of the August afternoon, but bathed, as it were, in angry storm-light; behind them, darkness, covering 'old unhappy far-off things.' From that tragical gloom it seemed as though their young figures had but just emerged, unnaturally clear; and yet the trailing clouds were already threatening the wild beauty of the girl.

He blamed himself for lack of foresight. It should have been utterly impossible for these two to meet! Meryon generally appeared at Sandford three times a year—for the fishing, the shooting, and the cub-hunting. Hester might easily have been sent away during these descents. But the fact was she had grown up so rapidly,—yesterday a mischievous child, to-day a woman in her first bloom—that they had all been taken by surprise. Besides, who could have imagined any communication whatever between the Fox-Wilton household and the riotous party at Sandford Abbey?

As to the girl herself, Meynell was always conscious of being engaged in some long struggle to save and protect his ward against her will. There were circumstances connected with Hester that should have stirred in the few people who knew them a special softness of heart in regard to her. But it was not easy to feel it. The Rector had helped two women to watch over her upbringing; he had brought her to her first Communion, and tried hard, and quite in vain, to instil into her the wholesome mysticisms of the Christian Faith; and the more efforts he made, the more sharply was he aware of the hard egotistical core of the girl's nature, of Hester's fatal difference from other girls.

And yet, as he pondered, there came across him the memory of Mrs. Elsmere's sudden movement towards Hester; how she had drawn the child to her and kissed her—she, so unearthly and so spiritual, whose very aspect showed her the bondswoman of Christ.

The remembrance rebuked him, and he fell into fresh plans about the child. She must be sent away at once!—and if there were really any sign of entanglement he must himself go to Sandford, and beard Philip in his den. There was knowledge in his possession that might be used to frighten the fellow. He thought of his cousin with loathing and contempt.

Meynell opened the gate leading into the Forkéd Pond enclosure. The pond had been made by the damming of part of the trout-stream at the point where it entered the Maudeley estate, and the diversion of the rest to a new channel. The narrow strip of land between the pond and the new channel made a little waterlocked kingdom of its own for the cottage, which had been originally a fishing-hut, built in an Izaak Walton-ish mood, by one of the owners of Maudeley. But the public footpath through the park ran along the further side of the pond, and the doings of the inhabitants of the cottage, thick though the leafage was, could sometimes be observed from it.

Involuntarily Meynell's footsteps lingered as the little thatched house became visible, its windows set wide to the sounds and scents of the August day. There was conveyed to him a sense of its warm loneliness in the summer nights, of the stars glimmering upon it through the trees, of the owls crying round it. And within—in one of those upper rooms—those soft deep eyes, at rest in sleep?—or looking out, perhaps, into the breathing glooms of the wood?—the sweet face propped on the slender hand.

He felt certain that the inner life of such a personality as Mary Elsmere was rich and passionate. Sometimes, in these lonely hours, did she think of the man who had told her so much of himself on that, to him, memorable walk? Meynell looked back upon his confession with wonder, and a hot cheek. It had been made partly to Elsmere's daughter, on a hint of sympathy—as to one entitled to it by inheritance, so to speak, should she desire it. But it had been made still more—he owned it—to a delightful woman. And it was the first time in Meynell's

strenuous life, filled to the brim by intellectual and speculative effort on the one hand, and by the care of his parish on the other, that he had been conscious of any such feeling as now possessed him. In his first manhood it had been impossible for him to marry, because he had his brothers to educate. And when they were safely out in the world, the Rector, absorbed in the curing of sick bodies and the saving of sick souls, could not dream of spending the money thus set free on a household for himself.

He had had his temptations of the flesh, his gusts of inclination, like other men. But he had fought them down victoriously, for the soul's sake; and it was long now since anything of the sort had assailed him.

For the soul's sake? Yet surely it was an impulse from the soul, from the deepest and tenderest sources of consciousness, that was now seizing upon his will, fusing itself with the other strong currents of his life, and so transforming them.

He paused a moment among the trees, just before the cottage passed out of sight. The sun was sinking in a golden haze, the first prophecy of autumnal mists. Broad lights lay here and there upon the water, to be lost again in depths of shadow, wherein woods of dream gave back the woods that stooped to them from the shore. Everything was so still, he could hear the fish rising, the run of a squirrel along a branch, the passage of a coot through the water.

The very profundity of nature's peace suddenly showed him to himself. A man engaged in a struggle beyond his power!—committed to one of those tasks that rend and fever the human spirit even while they ennoble it! He had talked boldly to Stephen and the Bishop of 'war'—'inevitable' and 'necessary war.' At the same time there was no one who would suffer from war more than he. The mere daily practice of Christianity, as a man's life-work, is a daily training in sensitiveness, involves a daily refining of the nerves. This sensitiveness in Meynell was balanced by an iron strength of will, and a driving force of conviction. It had never yet crippled his action. But it meant suffering; and it might involve sudden collapse and deterioration.

If the memory of Fenton's cold unrecognising eyes and rigid mouth, as they passed each other in the silence of the Cathedral, had power to cause so deep a stab of pain, how was he to brace himself in the future to what must come?—the alienation of

friend after friend, the condemnation of the good, the tumult, the poisoned feeling, the abuse, public and private?

Only by the help of that Power behind the veil of things, perceived by the mind of faith! "*Thou, Thou art being and breath!*"—Thine is this truth, which, like a living hand, bridles and commands me. *Grind my life as corn in Thy mill!—but forsake me not! Nay, Thou wilt not, Thou canst not forsake me!*"

Without this ultimate and complete dependence of the Christian crusader on what he knows as the 'heart of God,'—crusaders of other sorts give it other names—no adventure in the spiritual fight has ever touched and fired the heart of man. Meynell was sternly and simply aware of it.

But everywhere the divine ultimate Power mediates itself through the earthly elements and forces, speaks through small childish things, incarnates itself in lover, wife, or friend—flashing its mystic fire through the web of human relations.

It seemed to Meynell, as he stood in the evening stillness by the pond, hidden from sight by the light brushwood round him, that, absorbed as he had been from his youth in the symbolism and passion of the religious life, as other men are absorbed in art or science, he had never really understood one of these great words by which he imagined himself to live—Love, or Endurance, or Sacrifice, or Joy—because he had never known the most sacred, the most intimate, things of human life, out of which they grow.

And there uprose in him a sudden yearning—a sudden flame of desire—for the sustaining love of wife and child. As it thrilled through him, he seemed to be looking down into the eyes—so frank, so human—of Mary Elsmere.

Then while he watched, lost in feeling, yet instinctively listening for any movement in the wood, there was a flicker of white among the trees opposite. A girl, book in hand, came down to the water's edge, and paused there a little, watching the glow of sunset on the water. Meynell retreated further into the wood; but he was still able to see her. Presently she sat down, propping herself against a tree, and began to read.

Her presence, the grace of her bending neck, informed the silence of the woods with life and charm. Meynell watched her a few moments. Then the hard truth of the situation—like 'the storm-cloud that Zeus lets fly from the mountain top,'

through the shining air—descended on him, darkening and quenching. His life was not his own. It was doubly and trebly pledged to a cause of the spirit with which no personal hunger must interfere. And if that were not in the way, what hope of winning her? He thought almost with a shudder of Mrs. Elsmere's manner to him—its icy gentleness—at their first meeting.

And yet between himself and Mary he knew that there was no gulf. Spiritually she was her father's child, and not her mother's.

But to suppose that she would consent to bring back into her mother's life the same tragic conflict, in new form, which had already rent and seared it, was madness. He read his dismissal in her manner after she had been a witness of her mother's reception of him.

Such a daughter would never inflict a second sorrow, of the same kind, on such a mother. Meynell bowed his head, and went slowly away. It was as though he left youth and all delightfulness behind him, in the deepening dusk of the woods.

Meanwhile a very different scene, vitally connected with Meynell and his fortunes, was passing in a workman's cottage at Upcote Minor.

Barron had spent an agitated day. After his interview with the Bishop, in which he was rather angrily conscious that his devotion and his zeal were not rewarded with as much gratitude, or as complete a confidence, on the Bishop's part as he might have claimed, he called on Canon France.

To him he talked long and emphatically on the situation; on the excessive caution of the Bishop, who had entirely refused to inhibit any one of the eighteen, at present, lest there should be popular commotions; on the measures that he and his friends were taking, and on the strong feeling that he believed to be rising against the Modernists. It was evident that he was discontented with the Bishop, and believed himself the only saviour of the situation.

Canon France watched him, sunk deep in his armchair, the plump fingers of one hand playing with certain charter rolls of the fourteenth century, with their seals attached, which lay in a tray beside him. He had just brought them over from the Cathedral Library, and was longing to be at work on them.

Barron's conversation did not interest him in the least, and he even grudged him his second cup of tea. But he did not show his impatience. He prophesied a speedy end to a ridiculous movement; wondered what on earth would happen to some of the men, who had nothing but their livings, and finally said, with a humorous eye, and no malicious intention:

'The Romanists have always an easy way of settling these things. They find a scandal or invent one. But Meynell, I suppose, is immaculate.'

Barron shook his head.

'Meynell's life is absolutely correct, outwardly,' he said slowly. 'Of course the Upcote people whom he has led away think him a saint.'

'Ah, well,' said the Canon, smiling, 'no hope, then—that way. I rejoice, of course, for Meynell's sake. But the goodness of the unbeliever is becoming a great puzzle to mankind.'

'Apparent goodness,' said Barron hotly.

The Canon smiled again. He wished—and this time more intensely—that Barron would go, and let him get to his charters.

And in a few minutes Barron did take his departure. As he walked to the inn to find his carriage he pondered the problem of the virtuous unbeliever. A certain Bampton Lecture by a well-known and learned Bishop recurred to him, which most frankly and drastically connected 'Unbelief' with 'Sin.' Yet somehow the view was not borne out, as in the interests of a sound theology it should have been, by experience.

After all, he reached Upcote in good time before dinner, and remembering that he had to inflict a well-deserved lecture on the children who had been caught injuring trees and stealing wood in his plantations, he dismissed the carriage and made his way, before going home, to the cottage which stood just outside the village, on the way from Maudeley to the Rectory and the Church.

He knocked *peremptorily*. But no one came. He knocked again, chafing at the delay. But still no one came; and after going round the cottage, tapping at one of the windows, and getting no response, he was just going away, in the belief that the cottage was empty, when there was a rattling sound at the front door. It opened, and an old woman stood in the doorway.

'You've made a pretty noise,' she said grimly, 'but there's no one in but me.'

'I am Mr. Barron,' said her visitor sharply; 'and I want to see John Broad. My keepers have been complaining to me about his children's behaviour in the woods.'

The woman before him shook her head irritably.

'What's the good of asking me? I only came off the cars here last night.'

'You're a lodger, I suppose?' said Barron, eyeing her suspiciously. He did not allow his tenants to take in lodgers.

And the more he examined her the stranger did her aspect seem. She was evidently a woman of seventy or upwards, and it struck him that she looked haggard and ill. Her greyish-white hair hung untidily about a thin bony face; the eyes, hollow and wavering, infected the spectator with their own distress; yet the distress was so angry that it rather repelled than appealed. Her dress was quite out of keeping with the labourer's cottage in which she stood. It was a shabby blue silk, fashionably cut, and set off by numerous locketts and bangles.

She smiled scornfully at Barron's question.

'A lodger? Well, I dare say I am. I'm John's mother.'

'His mother?' said Barron, astonished. 'I didn't know he had a mother alive.' But as he spoke some vague recollection of Theresa's talk in the morning came back upon him.

The strange person in the doorway looked at him oddly.

'Well, I daresay you didn't. There's many as would say the same. I've been away this eighteen year, come October.'

Barron, as she spoke, was struck with her accent, and recalled her mention of 'the cars.'

'Why, you've been in the States,' he said.

'That's it—eighteen years.' Then suddenly, pressing her hand to her forehead, she said angrily, 'I don't know what you mean. What do you come bothering me for? I don't know who you are,—and I don't know nothing about your trees. Come in and sit down. John 'll be in directly.'

She held the door open, and Barron, impelled by a sudden curiosity, stepped in. He thought the woman was half-witted; but her silk dress, and her jewellery, above all her sudden appearance on the scene as the mother of a man whom he had always supposed to be alone in the world, with three motherless neglected children, puzzled him.

So, as one accustomed to keep a sharp eye on the morals and affairs of his cottage tenants, he began to question her about herself. She had thrown herself confusedly on a chair, and sat with her head thrown back, and her eyes half-closed,—as though in pain. The replies he got from her were short and grudging, but he made out from them that she had married a second time in the States, that she had only recently written to her son, who for some years had supposed her dead, and had now come home to him, having no other relation left in the world.

He soon convinced himself that she was not normally sane. That she had no idea as to his own identity was not surprising, for she had left Upcote for the States years before his succession to the White House estate. But her memory in all directions was confused, and her strange talk made him suspect drugs. She had also, it seemed, the usual grievances of the unsound mind, and believed herself to be injured and assailed by persons to whom she darkly alluded.

As they sat talking, footsteps were heard in the road outside. Mrs. Sabin—so she gave her name—at once hurried to the door and looked out. The movement betrayed her excited, restless state—the state of one just returned to a scene once familiar, and trying with a clouded brain to recover old threads and clues.

Barron heard a low cry from her, and looked round.

‘What’s the matter?’

He saw her bent forward, and pointing, her wrinkled face expressing a wild astonishment.

‘That’s her!—that’s my Miss Alice!’

And Barron, following her gesture, perceived Meynell standing on the other side of a bit of village green, talking to Miss Puttenham. They seemed to be absorbed in what they were talking about, and had of course no idea that they were watched.

‘Why do you say “my Miss Alice”?’ he asked her, wondering.

Mrs. Sabin gave a low laugh. And at the moment, Meynell turned so that the level light now flooding the village street shone full upon him. Mrs. Sabin tottered back from the door, with another stifled cry, and sank into her chair. Her eyes seemed to be starting out of her head. ‘But—but they told me he was dead. He’ll have married her, then?’

She raised herself, peering eagerly at her companion.

'Married whom?' said Barron, utterly mystified, but affected himself, involuntarily, by the excitement of his strange companion.

'Why—Miss Alice!' she said, gasping.

'Why should he marry her?'

Mrs. Sabin tried to control herself. 'I'm not to talk about that—I know I'm not. But they give me my money for fifteen year—and then they stopped giving it—three year ago. I suppose they thought I'd never be back here again. But John's my flesh and blood, all the same. I made Mr. Sabin write for me to Sir Ralph. But there came a lawyer's letter and fifty pounds,—and that was to be the last, they said. So when Mr. Sabin died—I said I'd come over and see for myself. But I'm ill—you see—and John's a fool—and I must find some one as 'ull tell me what to do. If you're a gentleman living here'—she peered into his face—'perhaps you'll tell me? Lady Fox-Wilton's left comfortable, I know. Why shouldn't she do what's handsome? Perhaps you'll give me a word of advice, sir? But you mustn't tell!—not a word to anybody. Perhaps they 'll be for putting me in prison?'

She put her finger to her mouth; and then once more she bent forward, passionately scrutinising the two people in the distance. Barron had grown white.

'If you want my advice you must try and tell me plainly what all this means,' he said sternly.

She looked at him—with a mad expression flickering between doubt and desire.

'Then you must shut the door, sir,' she said at last. Yet, as he moved to do so, she bent forward once more to look intently at the couple outside.

'And what did they tell that lie for?' she repeated, in a tone half-perplexed, half-resentful. Then she turned peremptorily to Barron.

'Shut the door!'

Half an hour later, Barron emerged into the road, from the cottage. He walked like a man bewildered. All that was evil in him rejoiced; all that was good sorrowed. He felt that God had arisen, and scattered His enemies; he also felt a genuine horror and awe in the presence of human frailty.

All night long he lay awake, pondering how to deal with the

story which had been told him ; how to clear up its confusions and implications ; to find some firm foothold in the mad medley of the woman's talk—some reasonable scheme of time and place. Much of what she had told him had been frankly incoherent ; and to press her had only made confusion worse. He was tolerably certain that she was suffering from some obscure brain trouble. The effort of talking to him had clearly exhausted her ; but he had not been able to refrain from making her talk. At the end of the half-hour he had advised her—in some alarm at her ghastly look—to see a doctor. But the suggestion had made her angry, and he had let it drop.

In the morning news was brought to him from Broad's cottage that John Broad's mother, Mrs. Richard Sabin, who had arrived from America only forty-eight hours before, had died suddenly in the night. The bursting of an unsuspected aneurism in the brain was, according to the doctor called in, the cause of death.

(To be continued.)

THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE BIBLE

THE tercentenary of the publication of the Authorized Version of the Bible is an occasion that calls for grateful commemoration. Not only has the Authorized Version a rightful claim to be regarded as the first great English classic—not only, as Hallam admits, is it ‘the perfection of our English language,’ but its influence on the religious and social life of successive generations of English-speaking peoples at home, in the colonies, and in America can hardly be exaggerated. It is the purpose of the present paper to trace the history of this great Version and to consider its beneficent influence on the life and language of the English people.

It is a curious fact, as has been pointed out, that the origin of this Version should have been of an incidental, almost an accidental, character. The Hampton Court Conference, it will be remembered, was held soon after the accession of James I. to consider ‘things pretended to be amiss in the Church.’ On the second day of the Conference—Monday, January 16, 1604—Dr. Reynolds, the Puritan leader, the learned President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, suggested: ‘May your Majesty be pleased that the Bible be new translated, such as are extant not answering the original,’ and he instanced two or three particulars. The Bishop of London broke in with the remark that ‘if every man’s humour be followed there would be no end of translating’; but the suggestion commended itself to the King. ‘I wish,’ he said, ‘some special pains were taken for an uniform translation, which should be done by the best-learned in both Universities, then reviewed by the Bishops, presented to the Privy Council, lastly ratified by Royal authority, to be read in the whole Church, and no other.’ He further added that no marginal notes should be added thereto, for, he said, ‘in the Geneva translation some notes are partial, untrue, seditious, and savouring of traitorous conceits.’ The practical outcome of this debate was the appointment in 1607 of a body of revisers, some forty-seven in number, which was divided into six companies, of which two were to sit at Cambridge, two at Oxford,

and two at Westminster. Many of the revisers are otherwise unknown to fame, but the company included the saintly Dean Andrewes, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; Dean Overal, the author of the latter portion of the Church Catechism; Dr. Reynolds, in some sense 'the father of the Version'; Dr. Saravia, the friend of Hooker; Dr. Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Barlow, the historian of the Hampton Court Conference; Dr. Miles Smith, who wrote 'the learned and religious preface to the translation'; and Mr. Bedwell, of Cambridge, the tutor of the famous Oriental scholar, Pococke. But few details as to the exact order of procedure have come down to us, and never perhaps, as Dr. Scrivener says, has a great enterprise of a like nature been carried out with less knowledge handed down to posterity of the labourers, their method, and manner of working. We learn, however, that the work of revision occupied two years and nine months, and some time in 1611, 'after long expectation and great desire,' says Fuller, the new Version was published. Here again it is curious that we do not know the exact date of publication. There were, it appears, two distinct issues of the work in 1611, but the precise date of neither is known, and it has even been a matter of much dispute as to which was the earlier. The number of slightly variant copies still extant seems to show that the original publication cannot have been made very late in the year; and beyond that, writes Dr. Kenyon of the British Museum in a letter, it is not possible to go. It may be, as some have suggested, that the record of the publication was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Among the rules laid down for the guidance of the revisers was the following: 'The ordinary Bible read in the Church, commonly called the Bishops' Bible, to be followed and as little altered as the truth of the Original will permit. . . . These translations to be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishops' Bible: Tindale's, Matthews', Coverdale's, Whitchurch's [i.e. the Great Bible], Geneva.' And that they strictly followed their instructions is clear. In their Preface, now unfortunately often omitted in modern copies of the Authorized Version, while the fulsome dedication to King James is retained, the revisers say: 'Truly, good Christian reader, we never thought, from the beginning, that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good

one . . . but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against—that hath been our endeavour, that our mark.' And it is to this principle that the Authorized Version owes its unrivalled merits. It was the very aim of the revisers to appropriate the chief excellences of each former version with which they were acquainted. It has thus come to pass, as Trench says, that our Version, 'like a costly mosaic,' besides having its own felicities, is the inheritor of the successes in language of all the translations which went before. Indeed, so anxious were the revisers to profit by existing translations that they did not decline to use the Rheimish Version, and from that source we get the felicitous phrase, 'the ministry of reconciliation,' and the happy rendering, 'a profane person,' in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

But, though King James's translators made good use of the various English Versions which during the preceding eighty-five years had followed that of Tyndale in 1526, yet Tyndale's translation remains the foundation of our Authorized Version. Indeed, every English Version that had since appeared was a mere revision or correction of Tyndale's Bible. 'It is agreed on all hands,' writes Professor Cook in the 'Cambridge History of English Literature,' 'that the English of the Authorized Version is, in essentials, that of Tyndale's. Minor modifications were made by translators and revisers for the next eighty years or so; but, broadly speaking, the Authorized Version is Tyndale's.' In connexion with this point the singularly beautiful passage in Froude's 'History of England' must be quoted:

Of the translation itself (he writes), though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted—which breathes through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity—the preternatural grandeur—unequalled, unapproached, in the attempted improvements of modern scholars—all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale. Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the shadow of death, the sword above his head and ready at any moment to fall, he worked, under circumstances alone perhaps truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him—his spirit, as it were, divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air.

In what sense King James's Bible came to be called the Authorized Version has been much disputed, for, though the words 'Appointed to be read in Churches' appeared upon the title-page, yet there is no evidence to show that the Version

was ever publicly sanctioned by Convocation or by Parliament, or by Privy Council, or by the King. It appears, however, that the new Version speedily superseded the Bishops' Bible (which was not again reprinted) as the official Version of the Scriptures in public worship, although the Geneva Bible continued for some time longer to be 'the familiar volume of the fire-side and the closet.' At length, by virtue of its own inherent superiority, it gained a general currency, and from the middle of the seventeenth century the Authorized Version has remained 'the undisputed Bible' of the English people. And that it deserved the place to which by its own merits it attained is nowhere better recognised than in the Preface to the Revised Version of the New Testament, published in 1881. The revisers, who included such men as Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort, Ellicott, Scrivener, Tregelles, and Vaughan, there say: 'We have had to study this great Version (the A. V.) carefully and minutely, line by line; and the longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and, we must not forget to add, the music of its cadences and the felicities of its rhythm. Similar testimony to the marvellous beauty of the language has been borne by many distinguished writers. Archbishop Trench—and no one is more qualified to speak on this aspect of the Authorized Version than the author of 'The Study of Words'—declares that the language is 'nearly as perfect as possible.' All the words used, he says, are of 'the noblest stamp, alike removed from vulgarity and pedantry; they are neither too familiar, nor, on the other side, not familiar enough; they never crawl on the ground, as little are they stilted and far-fetched.' In like manner the Roman Catholic Faber, in a passage of high eloquence, thus speaks of the Authorized Version:

It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert scarcely knows how he can forego. . . . The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. It is the representative of a man's best moments; all that there is about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt never dimmed and controversy never soiled; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.

The influence of the Bible on the religious and social life of the people, and on the English language, can scarcely be over-

estimated. Its popularity, as John Richard Green has pointed out, had been growing fast from the day when copies of the Great Bible had been set up in St. Paul's Cathedral. Even then we are told :

many well-disposed people used much to resort to the hearing thereof, especially when they could get any that had an audible voice to read to them. . . . One John Porter used sometimes to be occupied in that godly exercise, to the edifying of himself as well as others. This Porter was a fresh young man and of a big stature, and great multitudes would resort thither to hear him, because he could read well and had an audible voice.

As time went on the repeated revisions of the Bible had helped to make men more familiar with the text. The Bible became at length a national possession. 'No other book has so penetrated and permeated the hearts and speech of the English race as has the Bible. What Homer was to the Greeks and the Koran to the Arabs, that, or something not unlike it,' says Professor Cook, 'the Bible has become to the English.' Its influence is alike supreme on the literature, on the social life, and on the religious instincts of the English people.

It is generally allowed by all competent authorities that the Authorized Version of the Bible is the first great English classic. With the exception of a few forgotten tracts of Wyclif, all the prose literature of England, wrote John Richard Green, has grown up since Tyndale's translation of the Scriptures (the foundation of the Authorized Version) was made. 'So far as the nation at large was concerned, no history, no romance, hardly any poetry save the little-known verse of Chaucer, existed in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches.' And considered simply as a 'literary monument' it will be allowed that 'the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue.' 'The English of the Authorized Version,' says Dr. Kenyon, 'is the finest specimen of our prose literature at a time when English prose wore its stateliest and most majestic form.' Lord Macaulay, in his Essay on John Dryden, bears similar testimony. He speaks of 'that stupendous work, the English Bible, a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power.' And that the English Version, especially of the New Testament, which bears in particular the impress of the genius of Tyndale, is a greater *literary* work than the original Greek will again be gener-

ally allowed. Lord Tennyson, we are told in his biography, would sometimes insist on this point. Some parts of the New Testament, he would say, are finer in English than in Greek, especially in the Apocalypse; and he would instance the passage, 'And again they said Alleluia: and her smoke rose up for ever and ever.' Magnificent conception, he would say—darkness and fire rolling together, for ever and ever! Or he would quote with boundless admiration the opening passage of the tenth chapter, 'And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire.' Mr. Lionel Tollemache tells us that one day Benjamin Jowett praised to him the Authorized Version of the New Testament, which he regarded as sometimes, especially in the Apocalypse, superior to the Greek original. By way of illustration Jowett repeated the text, 'And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.' As he quoted these magnificent words, says Mr. Tollemache, 'his voice betrayed more of saintly emotion than I ever observed in it before or since.'

The influence of the Authorized Version upon subsequent English literature has been considerable. This influence is seen in diction, of which perhaps Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' affords the most remarkable example, in quotations, in incidental allusions, and in the numberless scriptural phrases which have passed into colloquial language. When Spenser and Shakespeare quote the Bible it is not, of course, the Version of 1611, and the same is true of most of Bacon's allusions, and of many of John Milton's. Still, as we have seen, the Authorized Version is simply the result of a succession of revisions, of which Tyndale's incomparable translation forms the basis. Hence, as regards the literary importance of the Bible, these supreme writers need not be excluded from its influence. And that Shakespeare was intimately acquainted with the Bible has been abundantly demonstrated. Spenser, we are told, carefully studied the prophetic writings before he wrote the 'Faerie Queen.' In twenty-four of his essays alone Bacon has more than seventy allusions to the Bible. Milton's stately and organ-sounding prose, as well as his immortal poems, are impregnated with the phraseology of the English Bible. So, too, with other

great writers. The works of Addison, the 'Seasons' of James Thomson, the 'Night Thoughts' of Edward Young, the poems of Alexander Pope, abound in Scriptural allusions, and that, as Dean Farrar once said, in their most beautiful and impressive passages. When the poor poet, William Collins, had withdrawn from study, he travelled about, Dr. Johnson tells us, with no other book than an English Testament such as children carry to school. When his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, the poet said, 'I have but one book, but that book is the best.'

Considerable, however, as has been the influence of the Authorized Version on English literature, its effect has been not less conspicuous on social life and education. It has shown itself in a thousand ways. And in none perhaps more strikingly than in the ordinary speech of the people. The language of the seventeenth century is coloured by the phraseology of the Authorized Version. When Oliver Cromwell beheld the rising sun dissolving the morning mists that hung over the hills of Dunbar, he exclaimed, 'Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!' The characters in Bunyan's numerous works all talk in Bible language. We perhaps hardly realise how widely scriptural expressions have become incorporated in modern phraseology. Professor Cook has gathered a number together, from which the following, by way of illustration, may be selected: 'highways and hedges,' 'clear as crystal,' 'still small voice,' 'hip and thigh,' 'lick the dust,' 'broken reed,' 'sweat of his brow,' 'root of all evil,' 'the fat of the land,' 'dark sayings,' 'a soft answer,' 'moth and rust,' 'weighed in the balance and found wanting.' Or, turning to another aspect of Bible influence, what a potent force the Authorized Version has been in the matter of education! It will be remembered that Ruskin attributed any merit his writings possessed to the fact of his early training in Bible literature. 'All that I have taught of Art,' he says, 'everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that, when I was a child, my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart.' Daniel Webster, the great American orator, bears similar testimony: 'If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended,' he says, 'the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early

love of the Scripture.' The same influence, we are told, played an equally important part in the early education of Walt Whitman and of Abraham Lincoln. For the Bible, as J. A. Froude reminds us in his sketch of John Bunyan, in the 'English Men of Letters' series, 'is a literature in itself—the rarest and the richest in all departments of thought or imagination which exists.' Regarded simply as a means of education, what more glowing testimony to the value of the Bible would it be possible to obtain than the following passage by Professor Huxley in the 'Contemporary Review' for December 1870 :

Consider (he says) the great historical fact that for three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain, and is familiar to noble and simple from John o' Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso were once to the Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of a merely literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilisations, and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations of the world.

By the study of what other book (he adds) could children be so much humanised, and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its efforts to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?

But great as has been the value of the Authorized Version from a literary and social standpoint, and as a means of education, its religious significance has been far greater. For three centuries it has been the Bible of the English race, irrespective of sect or party, of Church or community. 'The Bible,' said Chillingworth—and the words are inscribed on his monument in Salisbury Cathedral—'the Bible is the religion of Protestants.' It has been the Bible alike of Anglican and Nonconformist, of Presbyterian and Episcopalian, of High Churchman and Evangelical. Men of such different ideals as George Fox and George Herbert and John Wesley have been at one in their reverence for its sacred page. The Puritan, the Sacerdotalist, and the Latitudinarian have all recognised its Divine authority. 'Men of saintly lives like Bishop Morley and Thomas Ken, men of science like Newton and Clerk-Maxwell, men of action like Havellock and Gordon, philanthropists like Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, Churchmen of every school—Simeon, Pusey, Arnold,

Maurice, Liddon, Lightfoot—have humbly, diligently, prayerfully, steeped themselves in the writings of the Bible. They found there,' says the Bishop of Winchester, 'what no other book could supply.' When Peabody was an old man—it is the late Dean Farrar who, in one of his addresses, tells the story—he was sitting one day in his office near the Royal Exchange, and, for some reason, a boy brought into the room a copy of the New Testament. Peabody looked up from his ledger. 'Ah! my lad,' he said, 'you carry that book very easily now, but when you are as old as I am, you will find it will be the only thing that can support and carry you.' It may be remembered that, when his son went as a colonist to Australia, Charles Dickens placed in his trunk a copy of the Bible, and afterwards wrote to him :

I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child, because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be faithful and truthful to duty can possibly be guided.

In a not dissimilar strain Sir Walter Scott wrote in one of his Bibles the following lines :

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries,
Happiest he of human race
To whom God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To point to Heaven, and learn the way ;
And better had he ne'er been born
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn.

When the great novelist lay dying, he said to his son-in-law, 'Bring me the Book : ' 'What book?' asked Lockhart. 'Need you ask?' replied Sir Walter; 'there is but one.' In the same spirit the saintly Silurian poet, Henry Vaughan, thus addresses the sacred volume.

Living, thou wert my soul's sure ease,
And dying mak'st me go in peace;
Thy next effects no tongue can tell;
Farewell, O book of God, farewell!

Not less deeply has the Bible appealed to the heart of the poor. Huxley has spoken of it as 'the Magna Charta of the poor and the oppressed.' Probably no lines in 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,'

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as it has been said, have so much endeared Scotland's national poet to his countrymen as the picture of the family, 'the cheerfu' supper done,' gathering around the 'priest-like father,' who, 'his bonnet rev'rently laid aside,' opens 'the big ha'-Bible' and 'reads the sacred page.' But the power and interest of these verses is entirely due to the peculiar and unrivalled place held by the Bible in the hearts of the British people. Its message of encouragement and hope appeals to their feelings. There have been thousands who have found comfort and inspiration, amid the difficulties of life, because, like Cowper's pious cottager, they

Just know, and know no more, their Bible true.

'In the poorest cottage,' said Thomas Carlyle, 'is one Book, wherein the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in him.' 'In this Book,' says the aged grandmother, in Tennyson's poem—'In this Book, little Annie, the message is one of peace.'

It is the tercentenary of the publication of this volume that we are this year celebrating. This year will also witness the august ceremony of the Coronation of the King, part of which bears eloquent testimony to the supreme position the Bible holds in the conscience of the English people. When the Sovereign is crowned in the great Abbey of Westminster a copy of the Bible is laid upon the Holy Table, and from thence is taken by the Archbishop and placed in the hands of the newly crowned King with these solemn words:

Our gracious Sovereign! We present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that the world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal law; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that keep the words of this Book; that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation; and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

And the Book has not lost its ancient power. Its influence is as great to-day as when, three hundred and fifty years ago, Queen Elizabeth entered London for her Coronation, and the Corporation, as the best gift they could offer her, presented her in Cheapside with a copy of the English Bible. She kissed it, 'thanking the City for their goodly gift,' and saying she 'would diligently read therein.' There are still, in the language of

Milton, 'no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the Prophets, and no politics equal to those the Scriptures can teach us.' Indeed, if the Reformation was, as it has been well said, the re-discovering of the Bible, the same is true, in an even wider and deeper sense, of modern scholarship and criticism. The Bible speaks to us to-day in a clearer and more unfaltering voice than it spoke to our forefathers.

We no longer need to read the Bible (as the eloquent Bishop of Ripon has well said) with the blinds of our intelligence half drawn down. We no longer open the pages of the Prophets with the feeling that we are to force ourselves, as once seemed necessary, into a mental attitude, which was a strange mixture of anxious devoutness and a pained sense of a lack of completeness . . . while our intellectual honesty compelled us to feel that we did not really understand when we had read.

For centuries (writes the learned Bishop of Winchester) the Prophets have been ignored as mysterious oracles, honoured and valued merely for the precious texts and sayings which sparkled like rare and brilliant gems upon the dim, obscure surface of an unexplored literature. Modern scholarship has laid bare their intimate relation to the political and social problems of the day. . . . There has been no more helpful, no more stimulating exegetical work done by modern critical scholars than the treatment of the Prophets by Driver, George Adam Smith, Kirkpatrick, and Ottley.

The words of King James's revisers, in 1611, have gained force in the course of centuries: 'If we be ignorant, the Scriptures will instruct us; if out of the way, they will bring us home; if out of order, they will reform us; if in heaviness, comfort us; if dull, quicken us; if cold, inflame us. *Tolle, lege; Tolle, lege.*'

JOHN VAUGHAN.

THE LEAVES OF THE TREE.¹

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

VI.—PROFESSOR NEWTON.

THE first time I saw Professor Alfred Newton, the great ornithologist, was in 1884, when I was acting in the 'Birds' of Aristophanes, which was being performed at Cambridge. The chorus were dressed as birds; they had the heads of birds superimposed upon their own, and their own faces looked out from the gullets of the birds. They wore tunics, with painted wings in the place of sleeves, manipulated by sticks held in the hand, and fastened into the tips of the feathers, so that the wing could be suddenly unfurled.

The whole thing was very picturesque and absurd. I do not know what realistic Don had the idea of consulting a professed ornithologist as to the exact scientific appropriateness of the birds; but in an ardent moment it was resolved to ask Newton to inspect them. I suppose he had possibly furnished a list beforehand.

We, the performers, were sitting about in full dress at one of the last rehearsals, when a strongly built man of about fifty, leaning heavily on a stick, with a brisk alert face and bushy grey side-whiskers, came into the room with one of the Committee. He seemed to me to bristle with decision and alertness. He wore an old-fashioned tall top-hat, very high in the crown, with a flat brim; and a short full-skirted tail-coat. He looked sharply from bird to bird, and then said suddenly, 'That scarlet Ibis is all wrong; the head ought not to be scarlet—it is preposterously absurd; it must be darkened at once.'

The Ibis was the headgear of a friend of mine, Willy Boyle, an extremely good-natured, able, rather indolent Eton man, with much musical ability. He took off the head. It was a pleasing object, made of a long-haired rough red plush, with a curved black beak and large, shining, roguish black eyes, represented by means of a sort of glazed metal stud.

Some paint was brought, and Professor Newton daubed over the bird-head with it, giving it a dusky draggled air. The owner looked on ruefully. The Professor said sharply: 'There; that

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is better now, but it is still ridiculous! An Ibis with a scarlet head! Who ever heard of such nonsense?' It was not better at all; it was much worse, though perhaps it was ornithologically correct; but it sacrificed a pretty point of colour.

Boyle gave me the head and dress. The latter I fixed up in my rooms at King's with an inscription, and left it there when I went down. It was used, I believe, as a model for the bird-dresses at a later performance, perhaps twenty years after, and I dare say has never been replaced. The head I still have, with its elastic strap and tapes. The eye is still bright, but the beak is broken, and the complexion is daubed and stained with the Professor's paint.

That was my only sight of the Professor at that date. He seemed to me then decided, brisk, peremptory, not very good-natured, not a man to oppose in any way.

Alfred Newton was born in 1829, the son of William Newton, M.P. for Ipswich. His mother was an aunt of the late Lord Houghton, so that he belonged to what may for convenience be called the upper class, and inherited the traditions of birth, breeding, and descent. He appreciated in a quiet way his social advantages, and never undervalued them in others; but it was a part of his old-fashioned and magnanimous code that the more adventitious advantages a gentleman possessed, the less he must put them forward or allude to them in any way.

I must not here attempt to estimate the extent or value of his scientific work; but it may be said that he was one of the leading ornithologists of his day, that the range of his investigation was very wide, though his name is connected with no great definite discovery of first-rate importance, and his accuracy prodigious. There have probably been few ornithologists who have added so much to the detailed knowledge of the science, or done so much to reduce existing knowledge to order; precise as he was, he yet made the whole subject live; while both as a guide and inspirer of younger students, and as a stern and inflexible critic of the work of other investigators, his influence can hardly be over-estimated.

In 1904 I was elected a Fellow of Magdalene, and a Cambridge friend wrote to congratulate me. He said in his letter that I should find Newton, who was a Fellow of the College, very friendly and very interesting. 'He is the only man I have ever known,' he added, 'who has *all* the characteristics of John Bull.'

My first encounter with the Professor, as we all called him at Magdalene, was at dinner at the Lodge. He was then over seventy-five years of age, and had resided at the College for more than fifty years. I recognised him at once. He was older, balder, whiter, and much lamer. He walked with two sticks and with great difficulty. He had been lame in one leg since infancy, and had latterly injured his sound leg by a fall out yachting. But his complexion was as clear and rosy as ever, and he looked like a man who enjoyed life heartily. I had written to him upon my election, and had received a courteous non-committal sort of reply. He greeted me drily but kindly. His fine old-fashioned manners impressed me. He would not allow anyone to help him, though he moved with great difficulty; and the way in which he plumped into a chair and crossed his legs, in a peculiar fashion, showed that standing caused him great uneasiness. His profound bow was delightful, and the deft way in which he gathered his sticks in his left hand, in order to have his right hand free to shake, was very characteristic. The hand itself was firm, strong, and cool, and the pointed fingers had a well-bred look. His manner was quick and decided, and his talk trenchant enough. He spared no loose statement, and his courtesy was not of the kind that sank differences of opinion. He combated any view with which he disagreed, and it was eminently necessary to be wary in talk with him; his manner to me was a mixture of friendliness and caution.

On the following day he made his appearance at Chapel, occupying the next stall to myself. I was talking to the Master at the Library door, when he appeared at the postern which led from his house. He wore the familiar tall hat, a full surplice, and a hood flung on anyhow, torn in several places, the white silk lining having become a sort of coffee-colour from age and dust. He made his way very slowly to his place. When he was seated, he produced and put on a very old and battered skull-cap. His edition of the service, so to speak, was the quaintest I ever heard. He had all sorts of curious omissions. For instance, he never said the last words of the Lord's Prayer, from 'For thine is the kingdom' to the end, supposing it, I imagine, to be a later addition. In the first clauses of the Litany he never said the ascription, but began at the words 'have mercy upon us'; and the same was the case with all similar suffrages. In the Communion Service he joined almost fiercely in the Lord's

Prayer at the beginning, which is generally and rightly left to the celebrant, and said the responses to the Commandments with a strong emphasis on the word '*this* law.' Add to this an extreme rapidity of utterance, which hopelessly distanced all competitors, and a peremptory downright tone, as though he were rating a dishonest footman rather than making a personal petition at the Throne of Grace. I never heard so strange a performance, and it was never varied in the smallest particular. I never quite gathered what his religious opinions were. He was a zealous Conformist, and I should suppose would have described himself as an old-fashioned High Churchman. He attended the Sacrament at due intervals, and received the elements, reverently standing at the altar steps. Shortly after this date music was introduced into the service. There had not been a musical instrument in the Chapel since 1680, or any species of music, and the introduction of the harmonium was a sore blow to the Professor, who had hitherto successfully resisted all attempts to establish an organ in the Chapel. When hymns were introduced, it was an unfailing amusement to see the Professor open a hymn-book, and survey the scene with ill-concealed disgust. He used to shut the book with a snap before the end, and sit ostentatiously down with an air of relief. He always said a loud Amen at the ends of the prayers; but when the Master introduced a little prayer for the College, from the old Compline service, the Professor used to turn to the pages of his Prayer-book, look round with dramatic bewilderment, as though he thought the Chaplain was delirious, and hold his lips stiffly sealed at the conclusion, for fear he should forget himself and add the endorsement of an Amen to any petition of so singular a character.

That first service over, I went out with the Master and the Professor. The latter lived in an odd, low, one-storeyed house, adjacent to the College and stretching north from the Master's drive. It was called the 'Old Lodge,' and was in fact the back rooms of the original Master's Lodge, converted into a curious little dwelling, with large cellars underneath it. In front of it is a small dark court, separated from the street by a high, ancient wall with gates. In this space the late Master used to keep cows, but at some recent time the cows had been given up, and the Professor, who had long occupied the house, built a bedroom on the site of the cowshed, and turned the byre into a tiny, ill-kept, smoke-dried garden. There was but one entrance from the street,

front and back door alike, entered through a high postern across a flagged passage. At the back the Professor had added another bedroom for himself. The shrubs grew thickly in front of the windows. A great box-hedge shut off the view into the Master's garden; here, in the summer, bracken, originally planted by the Professor, grew high and luxuriant in the secluded angle between the Master's drive and the Professor's house. A flight of steps, much overgrown with moss, led down into the cellars, and there were one or two erections of iron rods supporting little platforms holding a dish for water, over which the Professor used to crumble bread for the birds that came to his call. A tiny gravel walk led into this strip of ground from the Master's drive, and by ascending a few steps you reached the Professor's study window, which opened to the ground, and which formed his usual egress to go into College and the ingress by which his friends in College were permitted to visit him.

That first morning, the Master, with a good-natured desire to increase cordiality between myself and the Professor, unadvisedly suggested that I should go in with him to have a talk—unadvisedly, I say, because the Professor was a man of strict routine, and always employed the morning hours in answering letters, of which he received a large number, and which he always answered, with a blunt pen in a somewhat illegible hand, by return of post: accordingly I went in. The Professor said politely that he was proud to make my acquaintance, and added in a somewhat menacing tone that he was gratified to learn from my letter to him that I meant to reside in the College. He did not invite me to sit down, but a moment after held out his hand, saying, 'I won't detain you—we shall meet in Hall to-night.' I felt myself dismissed, and hurried away. I confess that he inspired me with considerable awe.

In Hall that evening I met him. He appeared in a black bow-tie, a very high-cut waistcoat, a roomy dining coat, a thin silk gown, and a tall hat, with his two sticks. The dinner consisted of a clear soup, fish, roast beef, a goose, plum-pudding, cheese. In those days the hour was seven, and the carving was done on the table. I learned afterwards that the meal was invariably the same, though pheasants and chickens were substituted in due season for the goose. It was the Professor's idea of an appropriate English dinner. I gathered that if there was any alteration whatever in the *menu* he was profoundly vexed, and he

had hit upon a plan by which it should be always the same. The *menu* was brought to one of the Fellows in residence, who occasionally made some alterations. But the Professor ordered that the *menu* should be brought to him last, when he always struck out the alterations and substituted the original dishes. He did this even when he did not dine in Hall. Not only did he prefer a settled order himself, but he could not bear any deviation from it, even when he was not present. This was an interesting trait in the Professor's character. If he approved of a thing, and ninety-nine other people approved of something else, he would still have desired that his own preferences should be carried out, in spite of their wishes, and even if he were not personally affected by the change. He could not bear even to think of us as eating any other meal than that which he preferred. If he had known, for instance, that a leg of mutton had been substituted for roast beef at the Sunday dinner, even if he himself had been dining in his own house, he would have eaten a plate of roast beef in solitude, and thought in disgust and dudgeon that those in Hall were eating something different, even though it was their preference to do so. He had no sense of the rights of others in the matter. I have heard him say a dozen times, when some change of detail was being discussed, and it was represented to him that everyone else preferred it, 'Then everyone else are fools.'

It is the custom to have a guest-night on Sundays in Magdalene, and the Fellows are bound by an unwritten law to dine in Hall. The Professor always had a couple of guests. He ate an extraordinarily good meal, a full plateful of everything that appeared, washed down with abundance of claret. He strenuously preserved the old custom of 'taking wine,' and it was a pleasure to see him fill his glass, insist on his partner filling his, and then bow gravely over the uplifted goblet. He always sprinkled his plum-pudding with salt. I used to wonder how he kept his health, because the dinner he ate would have been a large one for a man living an active life; but he took neither luncheon nor tea, and breakfasted late. He did suffer terribly from gouty eczema, and I have little doubt that had he duly regulated his diet, which was quite inappropriate to his age, his life might have been prolonged.

We adjourned to the Combination-room afterwards, the Professor working his way very slowly up the steep stairs. We had dessert sitting at small tables in a semicircle round the fire.

This ritual again was dear to the Professor's heart. I remember on a later occasion that the Master innocently suggested that for a change we should sit round the big oval table. The Professor was speechless with indignation, and sate sullenly through the proceeding, scarcely opening his mouth except to say that he would hardly have known the place. Nothing vexed him more than the least variation from the convivial routine. It is the duty of the junior Fellow to look after the comfort of the guests, and to see that the wine and dessert are duly circulated. The Sunday-evening parties became larger at this time, as there were more Fellows in residence, and the only way to secure the comfort of the guests was to take the wine round and fill the glasses; otherwise the bottles used to get stuck, and one was always jumping up to pass it on. The Professor disliked extremely being ministered to. 'You're very good,' he would say, if one filled his glass, adding testily, 'Can't you let the things be *passed* round? That is the custom here—*passed*, not handed. Do put that decanter down, and let us help ourselves!' A Fellow who was present ventured on one occasion meekly to suggest that if that wine was not handed round it did not always circulate. 'Do put it down!' said the Professor; 'I hate to see people fussing about. It's not our custom here.' But with the little tables duly spread, and a good dinner inside him, he was generally in high good-humour. He was always full of talk. He remembered everything, and remembered it exactly. I have heard him retell a story I once told him, and I think he preserved my exact phrases. I once gave him an anecdote about a common friend of ours, A——. 'An excellent story,' said the Professor, 'but not in the least characteristic of A——! Now, if it had been told of B——, I should not have been surprised.' I discovered afterwards that it really was an anecdote of B——, and the Professor's delight, when I told him this, was great. He had travelled a good deal, he knew almost everyone of a past generation that was worth knowing, he was full to the brim of picturesque personal details, and he seemed to be acquainted with almost every book one could mention of a certain date. He had the strongest prejudices. Some one quoted a saying of Charles Lamb's to him in my presence. 'Very apposite and amusing!' said the Professor; 'but I have a very poor opinion of Charles Lamb. He was a monkey, and a snivelling monkey.' He disliked all argument; he seldom spoke of politics; and if ethical or religious

matters were alluded to, he changed the conversation as quickly as possible. He liked to talk of definite facts and definite people, and his acquaintance with family histories and genealogies was very wide. He was a perfect mine of information about the history and traditions of the College.

He was always very jealous of outside interference. On one occasion he was dining in Hall with one other Fellow, when a considerable uproar arose at one of the undergraduates' tables. The Professor sent down a message requesting that order might be restored; and the monition had its effect. A Trinity undergraduate, who had been dining with the noisy party, was much vexed at the occurrence, waited till the Hall was empty, and then came up to the high table in order to apologise for his part in the disturbance. He had hardly uttered a word, when the Professor said in indignant tones, 'How dare you come and speak to me in that gown! A Trinity gown in Hall—most improper! I must ask you to be so good as to go away at once.'

When I began to reside in College, in 1905, I found that Newton appeared little in public. He was really very infirm, though his alertness and cheerfulness, and the remarkable healthiness of his face and demeanour, gave the opposite impression. He had long given up lecturing, and paid a deputy, Mr. W. Bateson, of St. John's, the distinguished biologist, to discharge this duty for him. I learnt a curious thing: that he was always very nervous when lecturing, and disliked it greatly, putting his lecture at one o'clock to discourage would-be attenders. He wrote out his discourses, and delivered them exactly as they were written. A friend of mine who was on one occasion the solitary auditor of a lecture tells me that the Professor addressed him throughout in the phrase, 'some of you may possibly object that there are obvious exceptions to this'—not having sufficient confidence even to substitute the singular for the plural. It is said, too, that at due intervals, at each rhetorical climax or natural division of the discourse, a little figure of a wineglass was interpolated in the text, as a sign that he would do well to take a sip of water, before facing the next section. It was a curious trait, for any man less shy or nervous in a party I never saw. One would have thought him wholly indifferent to and unconscious of an audience. But I have seen the same tendency come out once or twice. There was a sudden call on him one evening to say grace in Hall, and a

more stuttering and stumbling performance I never heard. As to his discharging the ostensible duties of his post by deputy, he was justified, both by custom and statute, in considering that he was mainly paid for research work; and in this respect his energy was prodigious and unflagging. He certainly did far more for his subject by his untiring industry than if he had contented himself with delivering the stipulated lectures and no more. Besides, he thought it his duty to encourage in every way the students of his subject. He invited them to his house, he answered any question referred to him with endless courtesy and patience, and held up a high ideal of strict investigation and laborious accumulation of facts. Neither did he amass money. He always lived like a poor man. The clothes he wore were the oldest I have even seen: there was a suit he wore in summer which was like sacking, and a funny little round hat, green with age, adorned his head out of doors. He used to drive down to the Museum every day in a cab, and sometimes went a little farther into the country. As far as appearance went, he had the faculty of always looking like a gentleman: one would have supposed him to be a prosperous professional man, perhaps a lawyer. The routine of his day was absolutely fixed: he rose late and breakfasted about ten o'clock. I once had to see him on business, and went in, finding him at breakfast. I never saw such a meal for a sedentary man suffering from gout. He had a cold beef-steak pie, a captain's biscuit, and two cups of tea poured out, so that they might be of the same heat and strength when required. After breakfast he wrote his letters; and it may be added that he never destroyed a letter—even an invitation to dinner; his house was full of stored papers. Then he went down to the Museum. He could not bear to be called upon except at stated times. He dined by himself early, and did most of his work late at night. He was a slow worker, and verified everything; and the act of getting up from his chair, finding the necessary book, looking out the passage, and putting the book back consumed much time. He went to bed about two or three in the morning. He imbued his pupils with the sense of the necessity of verifying references—so much so that, though he left at his death an immense mass of verified references, the pupil to whom the task of editing them fell said that he would not be true to the Professor's principles unless he verified them

all again. He was always at home on Sunday evenings. In old days his pupils used to come in considerable numbers, and he set great store by this social function. I remember his once deploring to me rather pathetically the fact that of late so few people came to see him. But it was not a very exhilarating performance. The room was lighted with a blaze of gas, to which of recent years he added electric light. His eyes must have been marvellously strong, for he used to read quite small print without glasses. A number of hard chairs were set out in a circle round the fire, which was always lighted, even on comparatively warm evenings. He himself sate in an easy-chair by the door, and the appearance of the room was as though it were arranged for some species of class-instruction. He used to sit smoking and making paper spills out of half-sheets. The conversation was general as a rule, and not always entertaining, though one became aware what a marvellous memory the Professor had, and how wide a knowledge he possessed both of books and people. His judgments on the latter were trenchant and a little superficial. He was fond of humorous stories, and I can recall very clearly his look when he was amused, or telling some amusing story. His hand was upraised, his mouth elongated and drawn down at the corners into a very genial smile. I never saw him out of spirits. He was occasionally vexed, but never melancholy or tired or suffering. I used to meet him also at the meetings of an old dining-club called the Family, which met once a fortnight, at which he was always in the best of spirits, and ate and drank everything that was handed to him, but always plentifully watered his wine.

His house was very characteristic. It was hideous beyond the nightmares of æsthetes. It was not even homely or comfortable. The hall was hung with a paper made to look like blocks of granite; the rooms were papered in a faded buff colour; the new bedroom was painted a strong purple. The furniture was either old and shabby, or new and pretentious. There were a few dusty pictures hung rather high; books everywhere, crammed into deal shelves; heaps of papers, pamphlets, packets of letters lumbering up the tables. The carpets worn, the curtains dim and drab. There was hardly an object on which the eye could rest with a sense of pleasure or even of comfort. In his bedroom was a huge four-post bedstead, many books, bottles of medicine, ointment in saucers; nothing seemly or stately. The Professor was entirely unconscious of it all; he disliked ornament, and had just the things he wanted. The large parlour, with its flaring gas,

and piercing electric lights in milky globes, was one of the most uncomfortable rooms I ever saw.

In College matters he was generally in opposition. I can hardly ever remember an occasion when he consented willingly to a change of any kind. I never could quite understand his attitude to the College: he was fond of it and proud of it in a way; he desired that it should flourish and prosper, but only on the lines which he preferred. There is a rule at Magdalene that all resident Fellows are members of the governing body, and he never missed a meeting. He was always very genial and full of talk on these occasions, and indeed used to delay the progress of business. He was always very much opposed to anything being made a precedent, and used to hamper any concession that was suggested with all sorts of precautionary conditions.

I remember a few salient instances of his method. At one time it was suggested that the Hall panelling should be repainted. It was formerly a light buff colour, and the paint was so scorched and blistered by the sun that it had the appearance of being smeared with stale mustard. We adjourned to the Hall to see the effect of certain strips of colour hung upon the walls. The Professor pleaded eagerly and fiercely for the same colour to be restored. It was useless to point out that there was not a single member of the College who approved of the buff tint, and that visitors invariably commented upon its dinginess. 'They are all fools,' said the Professor. A sub-committee was eventually appointed to act, with full powers, and the panelling was stained a rich brown, enormously improving the appearance of the place. The first time we dined there after the painting, the Master said cheerfully to the Professor, 'Well, what do you think of it?' The Professor looked round in disgust and said, 'I don't like to say what I think: it is like what I may politely call *Gehenna*.'

On another occasion it was proposed that ladies should be admitted, in restricted numbers, to the Chapel service. The discussion was amicable, and a system was suggested. To my surprise, the Professor took very little part, except to interject an occasional growl; but when the motion was to be put to the vote, the old man grew suddenly white, and in a voice strangled with passion made a most vindictive speech. He said that he disapproved of all the alterations in the Chapel service; that it was no longer the least pleasure to him to attend. Everything done or suggested was utterly out of keeping with the ideal of a plain

collegiate service. He disliked it all from the bottom of his heart; and he wound up by saying that we might pass what votes we liked, but that if one lady was admitted to the Chapel service he should never set foot in the building again.

We sat appalled at the tempest. One of the Fellows said that, though he approved of the motion, he thought that the Professor's feeling overbalanced the advantages. The Master concurred, expressed his concern at the Professor's view of the alterations that had been made hitherto, and withdrew his motion. The old man sat grimly silent, and it evidently never entered his head to make, or to wish to make, the least concession; he did not care what anyone else thought or wished, and he would prevent any change if he could.

The only thing I have ever heard him express a wish to see changed in the Chapel was a certain window, which had been painted in the Professor's undergraduate days by some members of the College, himself included—I suppose about 1850—under the direction of an artistic Don. It was a very poor affair, the colours thin and staring, the figure-panels small, muzzy, and mean, the ornament clumsy and feeble. But it had an historical value, having been made in the early days of the Gothic revival, and the personal associations made it more interesting still.

An embarrassing scene occurred when one of the Fellows asked leave that his daughter's marriage might be celebrated in Chapel. The Professor exploded in wrath. He had never heard such a preposterous suggestion. A College Chapel was not intended for such things as weddings; the young lady could have no association with the place; he regarded it as a most improper and entirely unaccountable proposal. On that occasion the rest of the governing body were rather indignant at the attitude of the Professor to what seemed a very reasonable request; the matter was put to the vote, and the Chapel placed at the disposal of the Fellow in question. At the following College meeting the Fellow said that he withdrew his request. His daughter had been so unfortunate as to break her leg while playing lawn-tennis, and was lying ill in the house where the accident had occurred. She was to be married quietly in the neighbouring village church as soon as she could get about. The Professor smiled, and said, with really incomparable humour, 'Solvitur non ambulando.'

One great scene took place when an organ was offered by one of the Fellows to the College Chapel. It was thought that the

Professor would object so strongly that the proposal was deferred. Eventually, however, it was brought forward. The Master began by saying, 'I have a proposal to make about the Chapel, which I fear you will not like, Professor.' The Professor flared up and said, 'No, indeed; I never come here now without hearing something that I dislike very much.' The offer was then stated, and everyone welcomed it with cordiality and enthusiasm. The Professor waited till they had done, and then, with a little bow to the donor, said, 'Words entirely fail me to express my sense of the generosity and public spirit which prompts this offer. But I am bound to say that I object *in toto* to music in a College Chapel. It is entirely out of character, and I am therefore bound to oppose what I believe to be against the best interests of the place.' The usual scene took place, the Professor voting in a minority of one. But when the organ was erected, he contrived to say something pleasant to the giver about its improving the appearance of the Chapel.

For one thing must be recorded. I never saw a man who took a defeat better. He fought to the last moment, and when he was outvoted, he accepted the situation gracefully and good-humouredly. I never heard him make any sort of criticism or recrimination afterwards; and, indeed, when a thing was once done and had become part of the place, the Professor's Toryism invested it with a sort of sanctity, and he would have opposed its removal with the same zeal that he had opposed its erection.

In November 1905 he had a bad fall while coming out of Hall. I never saw a man collapse so completely; but this was evidently deliberate, as an attempt to save himself would have no doubt produced a worse strain. He was badly shaken, but I saw him later in the evening, and he did not appear to be much the worse. But he was never quite the same again. The last time he dined in Hall we were a very small party, and he was troubled by a violent cough. The death of a sister distressed him greatly, and he began to say that he had outlived all his friends. Then dropsical symptoms intervened. I believe that if he had made any effort to live he could have thrown his illness off—there was nothing organically wrong—but he determined to consider himself doomed. He used to reply to inquiries about his health with a grim shake of the head. He still came to Chapel and Hall, and looked much the same; only I used to notice in Chapel how his hands trembled.

The last time I ever saw him alive was in his own house. I went in one Sunday evening, and found him alone. He did what he seldom did with his colleagues: shook hands, retaining my hand in his own for a minute. I think he regarded it as a farewell. A great crowd came in that evening; he seemed a little oppressed, and presently left the room. When I went out I found him in the passage. 'Must you be going?' he said, and added, 'Yes, there is rather a crowd to-night—too much of a good thing.' He dropped his stick, and I picked it up. 'You're very good,' he said, with the familiar formula—and so I saw him no more. He suffered a good deal at the last, and could only sleep in his chair; lying in bed brought on palpitations. But he never complained; he made all his arrangements for death, and faced it as a gallant old English admiral might.

The evening before he died the Master was sent for. The Professor's articulation was very faint. The Master said a prayer. The Professor thanked him, and then wished him good-bye. Then, with long pauses, he said, 'God bless all my friends—God bless the College,' adding, with a smile, 'and may the study of Zoology continue to flourish in this University!' He was in bed for the last few days, and very weak; but just before the end he said, 'Lift me up—I must die in my chair, like dear Bradshaw.' Bradshaw was one of his old friends, the University librarian, who died in his rooms in 1886, after returning from a dinner-party, and was found dead in the morning sitting in his chair. So on June 7, 1907, the end came.

His funeral was a very striking sight from the number of old pupils and friends who followed him to the grave. The coffin was brought into the Chapel in the morning, and there was a short service for the College. In the afternoon it was wheeled through the Court, out of the gate, and up the street to St. Giles'. A long procession followed bareheaded, the Visitor, Lord Braybrooke, following the bier, with the Fellows behind him. The old man had left the severest injunction that there was to be no music at the service, and it was consequently one of the most dismal ceremonies I have ever attended.

Newton's was a very happy life, full of enjoyment, fame, work, honour, and friendship. I do not think he suffered much from his restrictions, or even from his physical disabilities. He had been more or less lame from infancy, and his face testified to his contentment and happiness. It was hardly at all lined, and he

had the complexion of a young man. He was a man of great courage, and without imagination. He did not anticipate evil, and lived joyfully in the day and for the day. One could see that he hated sentiment; what he loved was the interest of life, social intercourse, conviviality, stir, science, work. His courtesy was innate and instinctive; one always felt him to be well-born and well-bred. He loved to have his own way, and for a long time I believe he entirely dominated the College. He undoubtedly had mellowed much in later years, but I should think he had no pity to spare for weakness or sensibility. He valued success and liked distinguished people, not in a deferential way, but out of genuine interest in a successful performer. He had nothing mean or petty about him, and in controversy, however strongly he felt, he would have scorned to use any subterfuges or to have outstepped his strong code of honour. He had a truly kind heart. I began by fearing him, I went on to admire him, and I ended by loving him. He was not at all a typical Don, though he had certain donnish characteristics; but his touch with the world was wide and his outlook was liberal. Though restricted in aim, he was not a narrow-minded man. He had no programme about doing good, because he instinctively realised that the best way to help the world is to do one's appointed work with all one's might and main. Of course there were qualities he did not possess, but he never pretended to possess them; and he was a vigorous Briton—a man cast in a big mould.

The significance of Newton's life is twofold. It has no touch of weakness about it; yet this very characteristic, which seems at first sight to be its strength, is in reality, if we appraise it justly, a limitation, and a serious limitation. It was not that he despised emotion at all. No one ever had a stronger sense of manly comradeship, a deeper passion for study, a greater consciousness of his responsibility to kindle the torches of those who came after him; and he had, too, a proud patriotism, an almost fierce sense of honour, and a fanatical reverence for tradition. The weakness lay in his intense personal dominance, in the doctrinaire certainty of the exact proportions in which common-sense and emotion should be mingled—the feeling that not only was his instinct a law to himself, but that it ought also to be a pattern to others. What he lacked was imaginative sympathy. He did not recognise the rights of other people to their own visions and aspirations. His view, for instance, of art was that certain

sorts of sculptures and pictures and music were approved by connoisseurs, and therefore might be temperately enjoyed and applauded. But he could tolerate no development in art, and any new tendency was humbug and moonshine. He would have indignantly denied that he was swayed by the verdict of the world, because he was quite capable, for instance, of declaring that any one could see at a glance that the writings of Browning were metaphysical twaddle; but he had formed his taste before the year 1860, and all subsequent developments were decadent innovations. If it had been argued in his presence that the world changed from generation to generation, he would have replied with absolute conviction that change was not always progress, but might be degradation; and thus he was really a pessimist in his despair of the future and in the eager way in which he welcomed all the signs of increasing deterioration which seemed to result from principles, social or political, opposed to his own.

But, in looking round upon the world, however much one may regret the miserable waste of time, the halting and uncertain progress of truth and justice, the ugly tyrannies and prejudices of humanity, one must face the fact that it is only through the resistance of such sturdy temperaments as Newton's that progress is solid and secure. One does not want life to be overwhelmed in a rush of fluid and hasty experiments. Toryism is not only the drag upon the wheel, it is the caution and the prudence that annihilate hasty and sentimental theories. Justice is not done by trampling on prejudices and flouting traditions, but by recognising the needs and the aims which they express. Little happy and solid work can be done under a sense of general insecurity, and in guarding against anarchy much genuine and fruitful eagerness must be sacrificed. The Professor represented, in a militant form, the stable element of society; and though the structure of the world rises above and beyond the reluctances of the prudent, it is upon their doggedness that the soaring arch is based and made sure.

TEMPTIN' PROVIDENCE.

THE summer sun shone brightly down on the flashing roadstead. Wind against tide had rendered the sea choppy since dawn, and the curling wavelets were capped with patches of snow-white lather whenever the crests broke out into foam accompanied by the fretful gurgle of contending water; but the tide was making now, and the white-capped seas were modulating into a silent lifting swell as tide and wind ceased warring. The *Inner Watcher*—the light-vessel at the southern end of the channel where the sandy bottom is barely eleven fathoms below the surface—after nosing round her anchor with her bluff bows directed to every point of the compass in turn, had now definitely ranged her massive bulk with head to the northward and the cable taut once more. The breeze came fresh from the nor'-east, and the tanned sails of shrimpers dotted the sea around the floating light.

The morning watch of the lightship had just been relieved. Maylett, the senior lightsman, stepped down from the cylindrical chamber lowered to the base of the short thick mast, where he had been employed cleaning the twelve green glasses of the automatic lantern, filling the oil-reservoirs, and polishing the reflectors. He clambered to the deck with the satisfied grunt of a corpulent man who is glad to relinquish work; and, wiping his fleshy hands on a piece of cotton-waste, he lounged over to the signal-gun which is mounted at the after-rail. The others of the newly relieved watch were already at the stern, gazing at the shrimpers racing for home. There was no immediate hurry to go below in this mild weather, and, besides, the brown-sailed shrimp-boats had for them an unusual interest this morning.

The second lightsman, known on board as Long Dick, was peering through his hands at the boats: his lean neck snaked and his loosely jointed form accommodated itself unconsciously to the short lift and wriggle of the anchored vessel. 'I reckon it'll be the *Moss Rose*,' he said without turning. 'I reckon it be her. I doan't see no sign of her t'mornin'.'

'I reckon it ain't, then,' replied Maylett, who had filled his old briar and was puffing it with the zest of a four hours' deprivation. 'Ole Sam hev allus had better luck than that.'

'Waal, who is it then, ole know-all?' responded the second lightsman, as more of the staunch deep boats swept by for port with a white rush of foam at the bows. Their main-sheets were eased off and their foresails alternately bellied and flapped; their dripping trawl-beams pointed up over their quarters, when they buried their noses, owing to the downward thrust of their canvas as they skurried by out of hail.

'Here come James Liddy in the *Here's Luck*,' remarked Maylett presently. 'He's a-runnin' close in, an' we shall git it from him.'

The sepia-sailed boat came hurrying on with a roar of parting water. Her foresail was boomed out to port, spinnaker-fashion, with a lashed oar, and her main-sheet was eased off so that the boat looked like a bird with brown wings. The stove-pipe was shipped through the deck of the fore-peak, and from it issued a cloud of smoke which rose in the lee of the sails, and hung lazily over the bows.

'Bob is gittin' the kettle on the way for breakfas',' said Maylett. Presently, through the square hatch in the covered fore-peak a head bobbed up, and 'Mornin', Joe!' came to the group on the after-deck of the lightship.

Maylett framed his mouth with his hands, and cried in a hoarse bellow, 'Who was it that wos run down yesterday mo-ornin'?' But the boat's bow had passed them and the man at the scuttle was hidden by the sails. In the stern-sheets of the boat, sitting high with the tiller braced against his back, was the proprietor, James Liddy, a bearded man in a tanned smock. He answered the question with a preliminary wave of the arm as the boat shot past: 'Ole Sam Skoyles and his boy drowned yesterday. . . . Run down in the fog'—and the shrimp-boat flew on.

'What did I tell ye?' said Long Dick in mild triumph, for the *Moss Rose* was Skoyles's boat.

Maylett looked at Long Dick, and from him to Emanuel Cripps, the seaman of the watch, who, as his wont, had been the silent member of the group. Then he blew out his baggy cheeks with a long puff expressive of commiseration and surprise. 'I wouldn't hev believed it,' he said at length. 'I wouldn't hev

believed it. That is funny,' he added—signifying 'strange' by the term. 'That do fare funny. It beat me altogether.'

'What d'ye mean?' asked Long Dick.

'Why, him an' me was once as nigh sudden death as we're ever likely to be; and we wos two o' the lucky ones then. I reckoned if he wos a-goin' to be took off sudden, he'd hev gone then, or not at all.'

'What d'ye mean?' the second lightsman repeated.

'Pore ole Sam,' said Maylett regretfully. 'Pore ole Sam. Well, I'll tell ye. It wos like this here. It was a matter o' fower-an'-thirty year ago, when I wos fust v'y'ging. Him an' me were on one of ole Burton's boats what sailed with the Short Blue Fleet. We wos both of us a sight younger then. I shouldn't hev been shipped on the *Succeed*—that was the name o' the boat—ondle they wanted a extra hand, an' I got the berth.

'Bob Symonds 'twas was skipper, and a good seaman he wos for all that he wos a Methody. But he wos a funny chap to sail with. Used to make us laugh, he did. He *was* a quare one. He'd been a bit wildish as a young chap, and he got religious when he was gittin' to'ords two or three an' thirty. He used to swear something awful. He couldn't break hisself of it, not when he was at sea. But he was allus talkin' 'bout faith. He was partickler fond o' preachin' 'bout faith, an' what faith could do, an' what it couldn't; but he did swear. I dunno that he did when he was ashore, but on the v'y'ge he was somethin' awful. Still there, he didn't *mean* nothin', pore feller.

'The mate he had with him was George Vyse, and we was single-boatin'. It was like this here': Maylett tapped his stubby forefinger into his fat palm to assist explanation—'It was like this here: The Fleet was away on the Banks; but we didn't jine 'em, because our steam-capstan had gone wrong and we couldn't git the gear fast enough to be any good. The biler 'twas. We had one o' them little upright bilers in the berth; and the yard engineer had looked it over and condemned it. He had chalked "condemned" on it, an' so we shouldn't use it he had knocked a hole in the uptake—you know, the crown o' the biler.' Long Dick and the seaman nodded their comprehension, and he continued: 'He'd knocked a hole in the uptake as big as my hand; and so the skipper had made up it would paäy best to go in for single-boating. We had put a plenty of ice on board, an' we reckoned we was goin' to git the gear by hand. That meant a

mort of hard wurrk, you may depend. So that was how the extra hand was wanted, and I got took on as deck-hand.

'The last thing the owner said when we was picked up by the tug—the ole *United*—was, "Now, Bob, doan't yow git tryin' to use that biler." The skipper sung out "All right"; we was plucked out from the others at the wharf, and off we go. Bob was to hev been married that year, an' his sweet'art, Milly Platten, was there at the quay-head. "Doan't ye wish you was a-comin' too, my gel?" he sung out to her. "I wouldn't mind if I was," she said. "You want some one to look arter ye, Bob," and we all laughed. "I reckon I can look arter myself," Bob shouts back, a bit nettled with us for laughin'.

"Doan't ye be too sure o' that," she calls back. "I oan't," says he. "An' they hev give me a extra hand to look arter me," he says, meanin' me. And then he sung as we got out into the river:

O fare ye well, my dear ole soul,
O fare ye well, cried he,
An' if I doan't never come back no more,
O doan't you wait for me.

'Then he called out, "Good-bye, Milly." He was in good spirits. He hadn't been master long, an' they'd maäde up their minds to be married at the end o' the season. It was summer—July 'twas—and nobody had a notion that anything could happen to us that time o' the year. But there we was wrong, as you'll see.'

'Yow never know,' said Long Dick reflectively.

'No, yow never can tell,' responded Maylett, and 'Manuel grunted his concurrence.

'Waal,' resumed the senior lightsman, 'the tug cast us off at the Nor' Sand, and the skipper set the course nor'-east by east arter we'd got clear of the Hewett Channel. It was one of the brightest summer days I ever did see. There was a southerly breeze blowin', and the water was a-dancin' an' a-shinin' enough to maäke yer eyes smart in your head. We had bootiful weather goin' acrost—the skipper was maäkin' for the grounds to the nor'-east o' the Texel—and we done the stretch in onder forty hours.

'We must hev been somewhere off Ameland, an' I doan't know but what we mightn't hev been a bit inside the limit, when Symonds begun to taäke careful soundin's. He was hard to

please was the skipper, but he knowed his business, an' he worn't a-goin' to trawl on a empty bottom. We'd got into 'bout eighteen fathom, an' we ran over the ground for two or three hours afore he was satisfied. The lead brought up fine sand, white shells, brown sand with black specks in it, coarse-grained sand an' gravel, and oyster-shells; but when the grease on the bottom fetched up dusty soundin's like paste maäde out o' biscuit-dust, the skipper smelt at it, and he said, "This'll do."

'The wind was still out from the south'ard, so we fished fust on the ebb. The nights were warm, an' we all knowed we was in for a bit o' sweatin' hard wurrk. It was 'bout midnight when we got the trawl-beam over an' we kept it down ontill daäybreak. All hands were called to haul the trawl then, an' when we got the net it was in a mucky state. You know them grounds, Dick, doan't you?'

'I reckon I jist do,' agreed the long seaman. 'There's more muck there than fish gen'rally. Seaweed an' bits of stuff like white plums, and if there ain't black an' grey stones too yow're lucky—I know.'

'Yes, an' the seaweed is the wussest of the lot,' continued Maylett, grumbling even now at the recollection. 'It took six of us to haul that trawl the fust time, an' we lay with our chests ag'inst them capstan-bars, an' shoved till we nigh busted our hearts. When we got the net over the quarter, and run up the cod-end on the mizzen halliard, we shook out the mess, and seed what we had got to deal with. There was a tidy few soles and plaice in among the muck, but the net was nigh full o' that browny-green weed like groundsel.'

'Sea-wheat,' commented Long Dick, who was seated on the bilge of the lightship's boat, which was inverted on the after-deck. 'Sea-wheat; I know the stuff. You get plenty o' fish among it, but it allus mean mortal hard wurrk.'

'I should reckon it do. An' we was gittin' that trawl *by hand*. You ought to hev seen us, 'Manuel. The sweat was a-pourin' off our hands and faäces when we'd finished gittin' the net. It was nigh as heavy as lead.'

'Hot work!' grunted the black-haired seaman, this being his first verbal contribution to the conversation.

'I should reckon it was hot wurrk, and tiring. When we'd got the net cleaned and the fish in the trunks with the ice over 'em, it was breakfas' time. Symonds and the mate an' us others

went below, and, when we was eatin', George Vyse and the skipper kept on lookin' at the biler in the corner of the berth. We all knowed what they was thinkin' 'bout, and at last Bob Symonds said, "I reckon we can patch up the ruddy thing." George looked round at it. There was a hole in it as big as my hand'—Maylett here drew his mutton-fist from his trouser-pocket to illustrate the size—'There was a hole in the uptake as big's my hand; and George he said, "Well, if yow ask me, I reckon it's temptin' Prov'dence."

'The skipper said, quick-like, "Waal, and i'n't that what Prov'dence is for? That's jest what Prov'dence like, if yow ondle believe. If yow ondle hev a mite o' faith like a bit of mustard-seed, yow can do anything. Why, if yow ondle had enough faith, jest a little bit of the right brand, yow could hyke the fish out o' the bottom a ton at a time." He was swearin' awful all the time, but Bob didn't mean nothin'. That was his 'arly trainin', and it was jest his manner o' speakin'.'

'Manuel nodded. It was a failing from which he was almost entirely free, as he seldom opened his lips to say anything except what was indispensable for his life and duties.

'George Vyse said that if the skipper thowt 'twas right, he was agreeable. Bob said, "Of course it was right; yow ondle wanted faith and common sense to patch up the bloomin' biler." He axed us all what we thowt of it, and Sam Skoyles said—for our backs still ached with gittin' the trawl—that "anything was better'n that capstan wurrk."

'So presently the skipper tells the cook to git out some empty corn-beef tins.'

'Some *what?*' interrupted the lank seaman incredulously.

'Some corn-beef tins, I said,' replied the senior lightsman with impressive deliberation. 'Yow jest wait. The skipper and the mate got two or three of 'em and hammered 'em flat. I had to be on deck, for we was keepin' the boat jest cruisin' over the fishin'-grounds, but I looked down an' watched 'em through the cabin skylight. They put three or fower thicknesses of 'em over the hole, an' knocked 'em into a curve so they lay flush with the biler-platin'; then they got some chain round over the patch and drove in wedges to hold 'em close up. Arter that the skipper fetched some red-lead an' dabbed that on all round. Then they sarved the top of the biler with rope, drivin' in more wedges, an' spreadin' red-lead all over the lot.

"What's that safety-valve weighted up to?" George Vyse asks presently, when they'd cobbled up the patch.

"A matter o' seventy or eighty pound," says Symonds.

"That there oan't do. We'll hev to redoocce that somehow," says the mate. So they eased it off to nigh 'bout fifty pound, I should reckon.

"If we taäke any more off," says Symonds, "we shan't hev pressure enough to git the trawl. 'Sides, what's the good of hevin' faith, if you doan't *risk* somethin'? Mighty pore faith I call that."

'But,' objected Long Dick, changing sides with his quid previous to squirting a mouthful of tobacco-juice over the stern—'But that was ag'in'st the law. You can git pulled for that, an' fined a hunderd pound too.'

'I know,' replied Maylett testily, as he struck a match and relit his pipe, which had gone cold during the narrative—'I know all 'bout that, but Bob was takin' some risks as 'twas, and one or two more or less didn't maäke no diff'rence. 'Sides, with lower pressure the biler worn't as likely to go. Anyhow, they eased the valve, an' then they let some water into the biler, and Sam Skoyles and the cook got the fire a-goin' onder it. It didn't draw at fust on account of bein' cold, and the berth was soon full o' smoke. They was coughin' down there enough to bust theirselves, but presently the fire cleared and the steam-gauge went up slow and stiddy.

"Look 'bout all serene, doan't she?" says the skipper, starin' at the gauge. He came on deck then and we got the trawl down. "No more hand-wurk for us, boys," he said to us. "I reckon we hev got the beggar to go all right."

'Waal, we trawled for two or three hours, an' the skipper, who allus looked arter the capstan engine, jest kep' up the fires until it was time to git the trawl. Then he got a head of steam up, an' 'strue's me, we got the blessed trawl with it, fust time.'

'No!' said Long Dick.

'Yes, we did, an' a good catch o' fish into the bargain. "Now," says the skipper, when we was shakin' 'em out—"now, what 'bout faith, an' a mite o' red lead?" Well, we fished all night, gittin' the trawl with that d'lapidated ole biler, an' by mornin' we'd got the trawl with our steam fower times.'

'I wouldn't hev believed it,' asseverated Long Dick.

' No, no more wouldn't I, but we done it. When the rope bindin' got a bit slack with the heat, they druv in more wedges, and that patch held like biler-maker's wurrk. It was a two-foot nine biler acrost it, and 'bout six foot high. They'd allowed a plenty of room round the hole when they patched it, an' though it sweated a bit the steam-gauge kep' as stiddy as if the biler was new rivetted.

' 'Twas jest when we was 'bout to haul the trawl the fifth time that George Vyse says in a hoarse voice, " Bob, we can't go on a-doin' of it." I didn't hear him 'cause I had to see arter the warp on deck, but Sam Skoyles was down there with them two and the fust hand, an' he telled me arterwards.

' The skipper says, " For Gawd's sake, George, hold on to your faith. So long as we all *believe*, there ain't a mite o' risk. If you begin to misdoubt, it'll be all up."

' An' it was, too. I'd jest looked to see that the trawl-warp was free in the snatch-block and went round the capstan without no kinks or that, an' had told the boy to look out an' coil it in the rope-room neat and tidy. I was walkin' back to the skylight to tell 'em to heave away, when I see the biler-funnel in the air. It was a iron pipe with a elbow to it, and it went up in a cloud of white steam. There was a tremendous *bang*, and arter that an awful hissin'. Then steam came up in clouds from the skylight and the hatch, an' the shrieks an' screams that come out with it were enough to maäke your blood run cold. I rushed to the skylight, an' there was three of em' strugglin' on the cabin table tryin' to force theirselves out o' the skylight. We found arterwards that the biler had gone over an' blocked the companion-way. The berth was full o' red-hot cinders what had been shot all over the plaäce, an' there was a horrid smell of singein'. The skipper I never see, though I could hear him a-groanin' an' cryin' out in his agony.

' The cook an' me and the boy pulled at the skylight an' tried to git 'em through, but they was hangin' to each other, an' cryin' out they was dyin'. Sam Skoyles got his senses fust, p'raps through bein' more frightened than hurt, an' the steam wasn't pourin' out now, but smoke instead. Sam dropped back to the table and we prised up the skylight; then he handed up the mate and the fust hand, Jason Cable. They fair prayed us to throw 'em into the sea out o' their mis'ry, an' I believe if they could hev got to the rail they'd hev flung theirselves overboard.'

'Pore fellers!' muttered Long Dick with fervour, and 'Manuel was moved to shake his head commiseratingly.

'We sent the boy for some lamp-oil—we used colza aboard, and it was down the fore-hatch—an' then the cook and me went down the skylight to help Skoyles with the master. He was in a bad way when we got him out. His arms an' chest were stripped naked and he was red with scalds, an' his trousers were charred to tinder. It was a wonder the cabin worn't set afire. We attended to the skipper fust—cut off his clothes an' tied him up with strips o' shirts and such-like, arter we'd covered his burns with oil and flour. He was in a dead faint most of the time. Then we bandaged up George Vyse and the fust hand. The mate was the worst. They lay on the deck arter we'd dressed 'em as best we could, an' then the cook called out, "Look at the skipper." He was strugglin' an' tryin' to sit up, and when we got to him he whispered "Water." We gave him a little, and he rolled his head round to where the mate was lying. His voice was gone, but we heard him whisper, "George . . . George. This wouldn't hev happened if you'd ondle . . . held on to your faith." His lips was jerkin' and tremblin' with the pain he was sufferin', and he bit right into the bottom one with his teeth to keep the groans back. Then he said, "Sam, tell Milly . . . tell the pore gel, that it didn't hurt . . . much"—an' died on the deck.'

Maylett illustrated the master's speech and actions with lips and voice and gestures. His audience were deeply moved, but they said nothing.

'We found the mate an' Jason Cable wos smartin' less now, but they wos in a bad way—specially the mate. The net was down all this time you'll rec'llect, an' afore we could git away we had to haul it. How we done it I doan't know to this daäy, but we did, us four—Sam Skoyles, the cook, me, and the boy—and then we went off to look for the Fleet.'

'What did ye do that for?' inquired Long Dick. 'Why didn't you go straight home?'

'Why, we reckoned on gittin' assistance from the Mission ship; and the cook got a chart and brought it to Jason Cable—the mate couldn't do nothin' but groan—an' he told us to steer a course 'bout nor'-west. That put wind on our quarter, an' we reckoned we'd see their lights when we fell in with 'em. It took us a matter of twalve hours to find the Fleet, and then the

mate and fust hand got skilled attention. But it worn't no good to George Vyse. He lingered on till we got to the harbour's mouth, an' I believe he died as we crossed the bar. . . . The most remark'ble thing of all 'bout it when they examined the biler at the crowner's inquest was that they found the patch what had been tied on, in a manner o' speakin', was still hard an' fast. Half the top had been blowed off the biler, but Bob Symonds' patch had held. Tha's 'bout all about it.'

'Ah,' commented Long Dick after a thoughtful silence, 'And now Sam Skoyles hev gone.'

'Yes, he's gone,' returned Maylett. 'He hev gone too. His time come yesterday mornin'. He hev been through a lot since that 'splosion on the *Succeed*, and I should reckon he hev been nigh death a score more times. It do fare funny. . . . He hev been wrecked, an' stranded, an' blowed up, an' blowed away, and yit he didn't take no harm. And now he's run down in a shrimper by a little tramp steamer. Arter all his 'ventures it seem like bein' run over by a dickey-cart. Waal,' concluded Maylett, as he led the way to the berth to spend the remainder of the forenoon watch below, 'I wunner how many of us'll die a-bed!'

WILLIAM J. BATCHELDER.

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK.

NEARLY five-and-thirty years have passed since the first appearance of the 'Snark' was hailed with eager delight by the devoted admirers of 'Alice.' The reissue of this old favourite in cheaper form, too long delayed, is like an invitation to renew our youth. 'Alice' has been ever with us, the friend and playmate of many a generation of young folks; but for years the Bellman and all his crew suffered eclipse, and right welcome now is their return to the light of day.

Not that any of them was ever a rival to 'Alice' in our affections. We missed our Tenniel for one thing; and although these new friends were absurd and laughable as ever, none of them was altogether sympathetic. They were all grown up, and presented to our view through grown-up spectacles. The child part—the intimate, tender, human element of the story—was lacking. There was the old playful, satiric humour, but, perhaps for the reason just hinted, it seemed somehow of a less engaging quality. Nor was this all. Behind much pleasant fooling some readers saw, or suspected, a meaning—perhaps even a moral—provokingly dim and elusive, yet not to be denied. Others resented the suggestion as if it were a reflection upon the author's good faith, and insisted on taking the merry tale at its face value, with just a spice of topical allusion, the responsibility for which, after all, rested largely upon the artist who gave us a drawing for every fit.

Let me hasten to range myself on the side of the rationalists; to own that I was one of those who believed in a definite satiric intention, who sought a solution in politics or what not, who racked their brains to find a meaning in the mystic Snark. Nor were the lovers of 'Alice,' I think, without warning of what was in store for them. 'Through the Looking Glass' was that very rare thing, a literary dish which, twice served, lost none of its savour. Nevertheless, with all the charm of 'Alice in Wonderland,' the same skill and delicacy of handling, the same marvellous lightness of touch, the same whimsical dreamlike inconsequence, in one respect it was completely different. It had a distinct unity of purpose, so definite as to be capable of expression

in a diagram. From Wonderland to the chess board was a long step. From the heroine who makes a pawn's moves across the board, threatened by one piece and protected by another, to be finally crowned on the last square, it is but one step further, and we are in the region of allegory.

Our tale is of a certain ship's *company*. When it opens, their vessel has been launched or *float*ed; after a perilous and protracted voyage they have at length come safe to land. To begin with, we are given a list of those on board—or should we not say *on the Board*? The Bellman is clearly entitled to pride of place. Three others, we learn, were engaged to render professional services. These shall, therefore, be left to the end, with one whose name betokens a servant, and whose duty is specified in a note to the preface. The list then will read thus:

[*Chairman*] The Bellman.

[*Directors*]

The Baker.

The Bonnet Maker.

The Beaver.

The Butcher.

The Billiard Marker.

The Banker.

[*Solicitor*] The Barrister.

The Broker.

Helmsman [or *Secretary*] The Boots.

Can it be mere accident that they fit so comfortably into the form familiar to us all? Only an Auditor is lacking—no doubt because no candidate offered who could qualify with the initial required.

An epigrammatic friend in the pulpit one day summed up the products of the nineteenth century as steam-engines, electric telegraphs, chloroform, and steel pens. Joint stock trading is, of course, no new thing. Yet, for good or for evil, the extension of that form of enterprise is undoubtedly a marked feature of the last generation or two. True, the high priests and prophets of the movement, whose names are now in all men's mouths, date from a period later than our poem. But memories are short. Before that date there had been booms and crashes, fortunes made and lost, railway kings and gold bugs, furious bursts of speculation followed by panic. The bucket shop had opened its doors. We had seen a vast and magnificent pile reared at Kensington, only to be broken up and sold piecemeal for what the materials would fetch. Here was a harvest already ripe for the satirist.

The company formed to take over a going concern may possibly pay dividends from the first. But when the undertaking is a new one, there will be plant to lay down, works to execute, mines to develop, estates to plant, a connexion to form—years perhaps during which capital must be freely spent and no profit can be earned. During this critical period everything will depend upon the character of the Board. If the venture is to succeed, they must be able at once to impress the Stock Exchange and the public, to keep their shareholders in good heart, and unremittingly to press forward the business of the company. Should they be found lacking in either capacity, the figure of a voyage is like enough to be justified, and the company, if not *wrecked*, to find itself much *at sea*.

Now in the Bellman we have a type too often, I believe, to be met with in the City. He was magnificent as a figure-head :

Such a carriage, such ease, and such grace !
Such solemnity too ! One could see he was wise
The moment one looked in his face !

He was 'almost morbidly sensitive,' we are told, to appearances, could make a rattling or impressive speech, and was keenly alive to the blessings of advertisement. These qualities won for him the ready confidence of his associates ; but, alas ! when it came to the business of the company,

he had only one notion,
And that was to tingle his bell.

Lastly, he was unwilling to be advised, and would allow his Helmsman no voice whatever in the direction of the ship.

Nor were his colleagues any better qualified, although

They were all of them fond of *quotations*.

The Bonnet Maker seems to have been a nonentity ; the Billiard Marker (it is hinted) something more dangerous. The Beaver, a delicately bred personage of ornamental pursuits, came on the Board as the Bellman's nominee. To call him a Guinea Pig would be a breach of the initial law. His utter helplessness in regard to figures is a characteristic trait. But, no doubt, his name and connexions were unexceptionable,

And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from wreck.

Truculent and muddle-headed, the Butcher was ever on the lookout for a chance of having his blood ; and only in the last

extremity of danger would these two consent to work together. Under such direction, small wonder if the prospects of the company were *rocky*—‘consisting of chasms and crags.’

There remains the Baker: he it was, and he alone, who found a Snark. His antecedents are dubious—nay, even his identity is shrouded in mystery. His boasted property was as shadowy as his personal merit; for he came on the Board with nothing but the clothes he stood up in, and proved incapable of turning his craft to any practical purpose. Furthermore, he had material information which, by a subterfuge, he concealed from the company until it was too late. One quality the Bellman claimed for him—namely, courage:

He once went a walk, paw in paw, with a bear,
‘Just to keep up its spirits,’ he said.

Let us admit the *courage*; but as to the alleged motive we may reserve our opinion. At all events, this Snark proved a Boojum. ‘A torrent of laughter and cheers,’ and forthwith ‘he swiftly and silently vanished away.’ And the rest of the company? They were left.

What, then, is the Snark? The preface hints at a ‘portmanteau’ word; and our ingenious artist, evidently on those lines, found his solution in *land shark*. Was he in the author’s confidence, though? One can imagine a letter to Oxford, praying for enlightenment, returned with a polite intimation that there must be some mistake, for no such person as Lewis Carroll was known to the recipient. Or an application through the publisher would bring, perhaps, a grave reply pointing ‘to the strong moral purpose of this poem, to the arithmetical principles so cautiously inculcated, to its noble teachings in Natural History.’ So the artist did his best, poor man, and gave us some very clever drawings.¹ But the further he strayed from the mark, the more, I suspect, would our author relish the joke. Be warned, O gentle reader, and follow not too blindly the ingenious hints of this humorist. To mystify you, as to mystify his illustrator, may be all part of the fun. The Carroll vocabulary does not consist only of ‘portmanteau’ words. Is there not the Jubjub, the Bandersnatch, even the Jabberwock itself? From what combination will you derive Boojum? No. Companies are

¹ The Baker with care combed his whiskers and hair, but his portrait shows a bald head and shaven face. In the last fit the artist seems to me to have completely misunderstood the situation.

not floated to hunt for land sharks. Their objects are many, indeed; but one pursuit is common to them all—the pursuit of gain.

Now, broadly speaking, there are two ways of making money; by serving your neighbour, or by robbing him. The man of great organising power, the discoverer of an original and fruitful idea, one who can wrest from nature a new secret, or turn old knowledge to new uses—these all enrich the world as well as themselves. Mr. Mechi's simple contrivance earned him a fortune, and the blessing of many a shaver. By a happy accident Dr. Dalglish's fortunate shareholders became pioneers of the greatest social reformation of our time. Rumour has it that wonders may be done by diligent and skilful advertisement of the commonest articles of daily use, such as soap. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the vendor of bread pills could persuade a credulous public that they were the cure for every ill, his exact place in the hierarchy of commerce would be for the casuist to determine. But when riches have been won by buying shares for less, or selling them for more than they are worth, it is not always easy to see who has had good value for the money which Midas jingles in his pockets.

Let me not be misunderstood. Not for one moment would I suggest that to deal in securities is discreditable. On the contrary, facilities for profitable investment are a strong incentive to industry and thrift, while a system which will furnish enterprise with the sinews of war is of manifest benefit to the community. But *corruptio optimi pessima*. All systems have their special dangers. All are liable to abuse; and this one does lend itself to certain forms of trickery. The amount of hard won capital daily squandered upon unprofitable and even dishonest schemes is a very serious matter. Yet the law has found it difficult to define exactly what is permissible, and I do not know that the moralist has succeeded any better. For lack of such guidance, doubtless, the average man's sense of honour in regard to these transactions may sometimes seem less active than it ought to be.

Among other questionable advantages, there can be no doubt that company promotion appeals strongly to the speculative instinct. It offers—or seems to offer—an easy and rapid road to untold wealth. Imbued with the gambling spirit, the dissipated junior sees before him a vista of nightlong orgies, and no retri-

bution in the form of office hours to be kept. Even the man of law turns from laborious days of honest plodding to dream of some marvellous *coup* which shall carry him at one bound to the head of his profession, when briefs will pour in, each marked with a fee more sumptuous than the last. And so, from fit to fit, the hunt goes merrily on, till the Bandersnatch comes to grips with the Banker, and then the end of that company is not far off.

Our enterprise, then, was one of the more speculative sort, or at all events was under the direction of a group of speculators, and not of sound business men. Such, alas! is the fate of many a hopeful project. Beware of them, O guileless reader, when you have money to invest. For the unclean Jubjub, it is said, preys indiscriminately upon the just and the unjust; and terrible is the clutch of the frumious Bandersnatch.

Having now sketched in broad outline the meaning of this 'Agony,' as it presents itself to me, I forbear to pursue the interpretation in detail. To press it far, I suspect, would be to plunge into a treacherous morass of nonsense, and afford fresh sport to the shade of our whimsical author. One word, however, upon the Beaver's lesson. By what prophetic insight was the poet here inspired? Could he foresee a day when the arithmetical principles 'so cautiously inculcated' (as he says) in this poem would be triumphantly proclaimed in open court before an admiring world?

In regard to what is lawful and honourable, I have observed that it is not always easy to draw the line. There are, however, practices which neither the City code nor the law of the land will tolerate. Men who indulge in these have been known occasionally to disappear for a time into forced seclusion. But this was not the Baker's fate. He found his Snark, and vanished, I take it, merely *from the company*. When he walked paw in paw with that bear his motive was perhaps not so innocent as he gave the Bellman to understand. In other words, he must lie under the suspicion of having unloaded his shares upon confiding purchasers, and made a dishonest profit by selling his associates. Thus, when the end came, he could look on with 'laughter and glee.' He had taken care of himself, and it only remained to clear out—

For the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see.

DEVEREUX COURT.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

BY 'THE SUBALTERN.'

So we took ship, and set sail by the permission of God (whose name be exalted). And destiny favoured us, and the wind aided us, and we ceased not to travel by day and night until we reached the city of El-Bussorah.—*Sindbad the Sailor*.

THE great lateen sail bellied from the breeze, the boat heeled over, little ripples whispered along the side, and with my bag and baggage—two mule trunks, a Wolseley valise, and a saddle—I moved down Karachi harbour to where the Persian Gulf steamer had her nose pointed to the open sea. It was good, after nigh on four years' total abstinence, to sail again on the face of the waters, to hear the sough of the bow meeting a wave, the creak of the ropes, and to see the broad harbour set fair in the sun to the moving shipping.

It was good that evening, leaning on the taffrail, to watch the sunset's panoply gild the sea and sky—the twain equally calm; to watch, and scan with the imagination—beyond the gold of the horizon—the coasts of Arabia, and the minarets of cities hitherto but cold names on the map, and wide deserts, and months of way-faring, with no master but the whim of the day and the turn of the road.

'Per ardua ad astra,' says the Latin proverb, and even if one's labours are not those of Hercules, and one's stars are near the earth, one breathes for the moment the ether of the upper regions. When one has sacrificed one's furlough to work through a Calcutta hot weather at one of the most difficult languages in the world, the passing of an examination in which is the Indian Government's passport to 'study leave in Arabia'; when it has seemed good to the fates during this time of stress—by the instrument of a bursting soda-water bottle—to imprison one in the dark for a season, with both eyes bandaged, one does not grumble; one made the sacrifice of one's own free will, and if one has passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Darkness, is not one safe on the other side, when many enter never to come out? No! one does not grumble, but one looks, half expectantly, to the God of Realisation for a Recompense.

And if he grants it, and one's travels in dreamland stretch before one on solid earth, yet still with the glamour of dreamland about them, one is in that position which, alas ! very rarely comes in real life, 'the dreamer whose dream came true.'

Every place has its 'motif' of conversation. On the North-West Frontier it is raids and the chances of a 'show,' in Kashmir record heads and big bags, and up the Gulf gun-running. Everyone knows how this profitable business is carried on. The guns are shipped by European firms to Maskat in the Gulf of Oman. In virtue of the fact that the Sultan of Maskat is an independent sovereign, though under our protection, and also because of certain international complications, he is permitted to land these guns without any interference. Some of these guns—they are of course rifles, gun being merely a general term—go to arm the Sultan's army, and the tribes of the interior. To this no one objects. The greater part, however, are run across the Gulf to the Persian and Baluchistan coast by dhows, and thence by caravans to the various tribes on the North-West Frontier, and in Baluchistan. This the Indian Government objects to very strongly, consequently many of his Majesty's gun-boats are employed in intercepting the dhows on the high seas, and now and then columns have been sent to intercept the caravans on land. These latter attempts, however, owing to the desolate nature of the country traversed purposely by the gun-runners, and the utter inability (to use no stronger term) of the local Persian authorities to render any assistance, have not been of much effort. The gun-boats, however, are more successful, and now and then make a large haul.

'We're carrying an officer to Jask this trip, with fifty men,' remarked the second officer.

'To Jask?'

'Yes. These gun-runners sometimes get annoyed when their cargoes are collared, and some little time ago they threatened to come down and clear out Jask altogether. Which wouldn't do, of course, as it links up the telegraph between Karachi, Maskat, and Bushire. Besides the poor devils of telegraph people —'

'Strikes me,' said the officer in question, coming up at that moment, 'I may have a little fun at Jask. This last haul of the *Fox* ought to put the backs of the gun-runners up.'

'Haul?'

'Yes. Didn't you hear? The *Fox* bagged thirteen hundred rifles.'

'Thirteen hundred? Good enough. Guess there'll be some pretty sick people in Maskat. We're taking up some gentry to Jask, as well as your men; only they're the enemy.'

'Yes. The C.I.D. man at Karachi told me there were thirty Afghans on board for Jask. Gun-runners, of course. They'll hang round Jask until the next cargo is run, and then take charge of it.'

'Do they generally run the guns near Jask?'

'There or thereabouts, up and down the coast. They've a wide field.'

There are two boats by which you can go up the Gulf, both of which belong to the B.I.S.N. Company. The fast mail will rush you up to Bussorah in six days; the subsidiary mail, proceeding leisurely, and lading and unlading cargo at many ports, will land you there in ten to twelve. Ours was the latter, so leaving Karachi we skirted the Mekran coast, and touched at little places, Pusnie, Charbar, and Jask—this latter after Maskat—on the Persian side, and Debai on the Arabian, which the mail ignores completely. All these spots are as like one another as the dots which represent them on the map. Of a sudden, coming up from the saloon, you will find the ship at anchor—a good two miles from the land. Here on the straight sea shore—without pretence of harbour—you will perceive some mud huts, nearly merging into the sand on which they rest. In front stretches the sea, burnished into molten silver by the sun, behind rise bare sand-coloured hills, on either hand the sandy coast runs uninterrupted, and the glare is intolerable.

On shore, with sand trickling over the edges of one's boots, even in November it is warm, and one makes one's way gladly to a building, a little apart from the miserable bazaar, over which flies the flag. And the flag, which one never notices folding and unfolding itself majestically over public mansions, in the important places of the earth, claims one's attention, and perhaps something more, in these outposts of Empire. Here, flouting the open sea and the stark Mekran hills, it is not a decoration, it is an emblem.

Beneath the flag one is received courteously with a cool drink, and the superintendent of the telegraph office is pleasantly communicative. 'Yes, there are only just ourselves, myself and my assistant. Of course there is the guard. All the places up the Gulf have detachments from the Indian Army, under native officers, as guards. A trifle lonely? Well, perhaps, we're not so well

off as at Jask, where there are at least twelve men in the telegraph office, a hockey ground, and a billiard table. Letters of any sort, of course, only once a week. A bit warm in the hot weather ?' (Looking out of the window across the sand dunes, to the glare of sea—as one asks this question—one can in imagination see the heat waves rise to heaven.) 'Not too cool, certainly. The ladies feel it rather. Ladies in these places ? Oh, yes, sometimes. Always some at Jask.' (Mary, pity women up the Gulf in the hot weather.) 'Been here some little time now, but I don't want a change. I get extra pay for doing political work here, as well as doing my proper work, looking after the telegraph. There are worse places than this too. There's a telegraph station on the other side of the Gulf where there's a white man by himself. Never has a soul to talk English to, from month's end to month's end. What, got to get back to the ship ? Have another whisky and soda ? No ? Well, good-bye, hope you'll have a pleasant trip.'

The boom of the ship's signal-gun woke me with a start, and by the grey dawn I saw that we were floating peacefully on the dark waters of a great lake—so it seemed—girdled with high cliffs, still ringing with the echoes of the shot, while from in front a silent white-faced town stared gravely down on us with innumerable window-eyes. And this was Maskat; the Maskat of my first impressions, at any rate. Later there were others; the lake was no lake, but a harbour; two castles flanked the town, on either hand, and behind towered a peak-topped hill. Later still I went ashore.

Maskat keeps its windows for the sea front. Once past the British consulate, and you find yourself in narrow bye-ways, scarce room for two abreast, whilst on either side the blind walls of houses rise high to a thin strip of sunny sky. But down below there is no sun, or heat, or sound. Only the cool shade, the shuffle of one's feet in the sand, and the solitary figure of a cloaked Arab striding leisurely. Who lives behind these silent walls ? What plots and counter plots are hatched behind their friendly barriers ? What strange eddies of the East here commence, whose fringes touch the Wahabies at Riad, or the Pathan in the far off Khyber hills ? Behind this iron door gun-runners, or the beauties of the harem ? And instinctively one pauses in one's step, for the glimpse of a fair hand, and the twinkle of a silvery laugh. But the door opens not, the blind walls seem to frown, and there is no sound save the shuffle of one's feet in the sand.

In the bazaars the town has come to life, and what strikes one's attention, coming from peaceful Hind, is that every man—aye, and many a boy—goes armed. Most wear a rifle of sorts, all a silver-handled dagger, curved, and of Damascus steel, in their waist belts.

Maskat is a regular armoury, for the next thing at which one looks is also of war, namely the gun-shops. Little square holes in the walls, as are their neighbours, their wares are very different. All round the walls are rifles, rifles of every description, magazine, single, and clip-loading; from every country in the world—Germany, France, Russia, England—this latter is not good reading, but unfortunately true; of every make, Mauser, Martini-Henry, Lee-Enfield, Lee-Metford, Peabody. And cheap withal. I could have purchased, if I willed, a Martini-Henry carbine for Rs. 25, and a Lee-Enfield rifle with 200 rounds of ammunition for Rs. 120. Of course, by the time these rifles have made their way across the Gulf, and up to the North-West Frontier, they are a good deal more expensive than this, but even so they are cheap enough to add a hundredfold to the fighting power of the tribes.

But it is not here, in the small gun-shops, that the rifles are stocked which are intended for the wholesale trade. These in their thousands are stocked elsewhere in the town, behind the blind walls and iron doors, which hide their secrets well.

I have said that the small fry of the Gulf ports—Pusnie, Charbar, and their ilk—are alike as so many peas, and in truth the large ones are unable to present any startling peculiarities from each other. There is the same sandy straight fore-shore, the same long white line of houses with dark masses of palms here and there, and the same crowd of native craft with their queer ungainly sails. As one draws near there is the same evil-smelling beach, with boats half-built, or left by the falling tide. A few women wash their clothes in the pools, a few boys play with shrill cries up and down the sand, some curs—scavenging for their daily bread—slink aside as one's boat grates upon the beach. Over the consulates, and the houses of the local powers that be, flutter many-coloured flags, and over the flags, in the blue vault, hang vultures ever wheeling. To be sure they call up different memories—do these said ports—in retrospect. Bander Abbas and Bushire we were fain to explore from the ship's rail, at the end of our glasses. From the former the laws of quarantine—ill-omened word, would that I had

taken thy significance to heart—debarred us, and from the latter the distance of our anchorage from shore.

Lingah—to me at any rate—is a place of lonely squares, flooded by the moonlight, for we landed at evening, with palm-trees sending fantastic shadows across our path, as we stumbled after our cloaked guide lantern in hand. Now and then a figure, muffled to the eyes, came from the shadows, peered at us askance, exchanged a hasty word with our guide, and disappeared again into the shadows from which it came.

The Daria Begge, Lord of the Seas, High Admiral of the Persian Fleet, was in Lingah on our arrival. As our boatmen rowed us back to the ship, singing lustily the while an Arab chant, not unmusical to the time and place, we passed a white launch riding at anchor.

‘That,’ remarked the second officer, ‘is part of his Lord High Mightiness’s Fleet. The fleet can be divided into two squadrons, one containing half-a-dozen or so of these launches, each with a sort of small quick-firer and shield on board; and the other a gunboat. I think,’ he went on musingly, ‘that it would be a very close thing between the Persian and Turkish fleets in these waters, with perhaps a shade of odds on the former.’

‘So the Turks indulge in a fleet here, do they?’

‘Yes, you’ll see her anchored opposite the quarantine at Busra.’

At Bahrein you will remember that that famous traveller, Sindbad the Sailor, under whose ægis I journeyed, did some very good trading. It was on his return from the City of the Monkeys, where he had obtained many coconuts by the simple expedient of pelting the creatures with stones until they pelted *him* with the precious fruit. On his arrival at Bahrein he induced some pearl divers—by the payment of a coconut apiece—to make a descent. ‘And, lo! when they came up out of the water, they had with them many pearls of price. And they said “By God, oh, our lord, thy luck is great!”’

Remembering this fortunate episode I had visions of myself seated in a boat, smoking my pipe at my ease, while energetic divers brought wealth, beyond the dreams of avarice, to my feet. But, alas! on our arrival at Bahrein I discovered that the pearl season was over until the next hot weather warmed the water, and even if it had not been so I doubt whether I should have made my fortune. For I learnt that most of the trading is in the hands of

'banias' (money-lenders and merchants), chiefly from Hindustan, and when the bania has squeezed the orange there is not much juice left. The greater number of the pearl divers are completely in the hands of their masters the merchants, from whom they are compelled to obtain all the necessities of life, and thus are, as a rule, heavily in their debt, and in a position very little better than that of slavery. Bahrein has apparently not been backward in adopting one of the leading maxims of civilised trade, that one shall sow and another reap.

At Koweit I saw the Bedouin, on the edge of his native desert. Here he comes with horses, cattle, and sheep, to barter for firearms, dates, and clothing. Outside the town was his encampment, a confused mass of camels, bales, odds and ends of gear, black dwarfish tents, women, children, and prowling dogs. Over all rose a babel of grunts, babblings, shrill cries, and the occasional yelp of a dog, visited with vengeance for too bold an attempt at pilfering. And amidst this noise, confusion, and scuffling moved the Bedouin, stately, calm, and aloof, one of the last picturesque figures left to a civilised world. A long cloak hangs from his shoulders, with broad sleeves, which leave full play to his sinewy wrists and well shaped hands. Open at the front, this reveals a long garment resembling the dressing-gown of the Western world, gathered in the midst with a waistcloth, into which are stuck a couple of silver-handled daggers. Over the head, and drawn forward at each side so as to resemble a headpiece of old, is a gay coloured kerchief, round which are twisted rings of camel-hair. From under the kerchief stares out a dark, sombre face, with keen dark eyes, puckered at the edges with much watching against the desert sun, and well-cut features. Over his shoulder hangs a rifle by its sling, a full bandolier crosses his chest. Such is the Bedouin, the Spirit of the Desert made manifest in the flesh. Such was he that day at Koweit, such was he long centuries ago or ever Mohammed was born to Amina, wife of Abdullah the merchant of Mecca. Not otherwise can we imagine him on the Last Day, facing the assembled nations, stately, calm and aloof.

Too proud to dig, too careless to be poor,
 Taking the gifts of God in thanklessness,
 Not rendering aught, nor supplicating more,
 Nor arguing with Him if He hide His face.
 Yours is the Rain and Sunshine, and the Way
 Of an old Wisdom, by our World forgot,
 The Courage of a Day which knew not Death.

The scene 'tween decks' when unloading was in progress—a scene repeated at every port—was of perennial interest, especially if at night. Leaning over the rail of the upper deck, calmed by one's after-dinner cigarette, one watched as from high Olympus the stirrings of the mortals below. Overhead the electric light flared; under it the great 'buggalows' (native boats) rose and fell gently against the ship's side, the deck teemed with the movements of many men, and sent up to heaven the sound of many voices and the harsh rattle of machinery; whilst all around the night encompassed us, dark and impenetrable.

After a while the eye began to dissect the component parts of this hurly-burly. Supreme above it was the chief officer, conspicuous in white, wielding the voice of authority, bidding this one go to Tophet, and that one come. Near by stood the 'tally clerks,' notebook in hand, elaborately arrayed in long frock-coats and fezes, oblivious to all but the checking of the bales. A crowd of ragged coolies formed connecting links between the holds and the boats, their voices sounding sepulchral from the former and with no uncertain discord from the latter. Around these—the bees of the hive—crowded the drones, the deck passengers. Arabs, in long cloaks of divers colours; Persians, in pleated skirts, with tall fezes; old men with long patriarchal beards; women enveloped from head to foot in black, funereal garments, with white face-pieces; children in rags; some sheltered in little corners made by erecting their packages of stuff; some with only a blanket; some cooking, some smoking from large hubble-bubbles. A few, more devoted than the rest, perusing their Korans.

And by the side of these placid Biblical figures of a bygone age the machinery clanked and groaned, brought up large bales from the depths of the hold—while the coolies yelled caution as one man—swung them across the deck, and lowered them into the waiting buggalows. It was a strange medley of the East and West rubbing shoulders, the Twentieth century and the First cheek and jowl.

At Koweit we took on board a pilot to navigate us up to Busra. He looked three-quarters Negro to one Arab, but a kindly and loyal heart must have beat under his uncouth exterior. For: 'See our old pilot?' asked the second officer. 'Funny-looking old card, isn't he? Well, apparently at one time he was slave, or servant, of some fellow in rather a big way up in these parts. The fellow died, and his son got into some trouble over killing a man.

Turks took him and put him in prison. Well, our old pilot worked heaven and earth to get him off; he gets a good screw, you know, does a pilot, and he spent it right and left; in "backshish," of course. Well, it seems he got him off all right, and then spent most of his hard-earned gains in having him smuggled out of the country. I call it rather fine on the old fellow's part.'

Yes, it was quite fine of him, and long may he live to take ships across the bar and up the Shat-el-Arab to Bussorah.

It is a relief on entering the Shat-el-Arab to have a cool green vista of date-palms on either hand, in place of the sea-glare and barren sandy coasts. And it is fitting that the country should be restful to the eye, for here in the Beginning was the Garden of Eden, here did our first parents fall, and hence were they driven out whilst behind them stood an angel 'with a flaming sword which turned every way,' so that never more might tired humanity find its way back to the shady groves.

And if the Garden is gone, a 'flaming sword' still remains to bar the traveller from these parts. No angel, it is true, wields it, but none the less it is strong to prevent. How many wayfarers have cursed the Turkish quarantine regulations it is hard to say, or in how many tongues, and in truth not without seeming cause. That there should be quarantine regulations—good; that the Turk should wish to keep his possessions unspotted from contaminated India—good; but that the clauses of the Treaty of Venice—which deals with matters quarantine—should be stretched to an exaggerated and ridiculous limit to the obvious monetary advantage of the local government—that is not good. It is not worthy of a great power that it should levy 'backshish' in this fashion from the stranger at its gates, as if it were the management of a third-class hotel.

Now there is a way known to ancient travellers up the Gulf by which this quarantine can be avoided, and these had laid their information at my disposal. And I would have followed this Way, and so avoided many days' delay, and uncomfortable delay at that, but that our vessel was the slow mail, eleven days at sea from Karachi, and therefore by general opinion and precedent free from contamination. But at Busra, the quarantine powers saw fit to break through precedent, and one might add common sense, and give shore-going passengers five days' quarantine. It booted nothing that we had been eleven days at sea, and that the Venice Convention minimum is far below this, nor that we had been disinfected thoroughly at Karachi, nor that the slow mail up to that fateful

day had been free of the 'flaming sword' in the port of Busra. Surely all righteousness would have been fulfilled by segregating us for twenty-four hours! No! five days was the order, the yellow flag was hoisted over us, and I was removed with my goods and belongings to the quarantine camp. And not I alone, of course, but all the deck passengers in their kind.

The lazaretto—somehow evil-sounding in my ears in comparison to the homely 'quarantine camp'—did not look a pleasant place to pass away five precious hours of one's life in, much less five days. Stuck upon a sandy spit of land, between the Tigris and the date-palms, was a collection of nondescript huts, and behind the huts a bungalow, equally nondescript; the former were for the third-class passengers, the latter for myself. Over the whole fluttered the Crescent and the Star. It was my first experience of the Turkish flag—*absit omen*.

Nor was the place any more inviting from the inside. The bungalow was bare, not over clean, and sparse of furniture. I had the use of one room, for which I paid the sum of Rs. 6; and some barbarous cooking and catering, for which I paid at the rate of Rs. 3 per diem. I do not suggest that the supreme Turkish Government made profit extraordinary over my vile body, albeit the charges were exorbitant enough, but it is evident that there was no loss where the numerous third-class passengers were concerned, though their charges were, of course, in proportion to their low estate.

However that may be, the prospect of five livelong nights and days spent in this nondescript bungalow, between the Tigris and the date-palms, was not cheering, and but for the intervention of the assistant quarantine doctor—may his shadow never grow less!—it would in truth have been an abomination of desolation. But the doctor was kindly; perhaps the sight of much weariness of the flesh in that place had rendered him sympathetic; and when he heard that Monsieur had a gun with him, he intimated that there would be no objection if Monsieur chose to walk up the bank a little—not too far—with the aforesaid gun. 'Snipe were to be found on the bank—sometimes,' he added, as an afterthought.

So Monsieur thanked him, and found within five minutes' walk of the quarantine camp—the word lazaretto sticks in my gorge—excellent snipe ground. A quarantine camp, say even a lazaretto, with good snipe-shooting within five minutes' promenade, is not altogether unbearable.

But all that is ancient history, at least four days old, and to-morrow I shall be made free of the outside world. The mail-boat has come in, and has brought fresh victims to the spider's web, so that even my bungalow is invaded and is now chock-a-block with Turkish merchants and Persian pilgrims to Kerbala, with their stuffs, their women, and their children. The house is become a caravanserai resounding with the parrot-like screams of the women, the crying of their infants, and nasal readings of the Koran. I can scarce leave my room for the heaps of merchandise outside the door. The snipe, moreover, have grown shy. Thanks be to the gods that I leave this place to-morrow.

Quarantine Camp, Busra.]

MARGARET ELIZABETH.

'If we go,' said I gloomily, 'there won't be enough to eat, and aunt will talk about the Royal Family!'

Honor waited for me at the opening into the rose garden between two pyramid yews, balancing herself first on one foot and then on the other. She looked like a peach in a spotty muslin frock and a tremendous white hat covered with green leaves.

'Come along, old dear,' said she, smiling at me.

She takes much more trouble to beguile me than she ever does with an outsider. Mother says that one of her greatest worries is the way Honor wastes all her sweetness and her smiles on me. She says it's criminal for a pretty girl to waste her capital on a red-faced schoolboy brother when she's not settled in life.

'You can sit beside the cakes, and we'll come away early,' Honor said.

'There'll be nobody there but stodgers.'

'They can't *all* be stodgers. Aunt said she was giving a young people's tea, because of that queer little girl who's staying there. What *is* the mystery about that child?'

'She's got the thinnest legs you ever saw.'

'Your legs are always thin when you're eight years old.'

'She's got red hair, and she cries if you're civil. She says it isn't what she's accustomed to.'

'Gordon!'

'I mean the life. You'd think there couldn't be a more ordinary sort of life than aunt's, wouldn't you?'

'Do come—it's getting so late!'

I grabbed my hat. 'All right. Don't grouse. If I can do a bunk to the stables and find out what they've decided about those rats in the cellar, I shan't mind so much.'

Aunt hadn't the sense to have tea in the garden, though it hadn't rained for a fortnight, and the drawing-room seemed full of tables and red-hot women; but I didn't really grasp who was there till I'd got a place well behind aunt's back and near the cakes.

'Go and try to cheer Elizabeth up,' said aunt, screwing round to see what I was up to. 'I've given up trying to.' I wondered

how she'd set about it, but I did as she told me. You generally do—with aunt. Besides, I was sorry for any kid staying with aunt and uncle, for I'd had some.

'She does seem a bit up against it,' said I to myself.

She did. She was sitting on a high wooden settle in a corner, and her legs dangled down straight before her like an enormous hairpin with its two ends turned up for feet. Her hair was red and in two long plaits, and her face was little and screwed up and pink about the eyes like a rabbit. Her nose wobbled too like a rabbit's, and there was something about the way her hair was done which reminded me of my old Belgian lop. I sat as far off her as I could, and cleared my throat and said:

'What's your name?'

She just sniffed. Nice manners she had, and no error!

'I suppose you've got a name?' I asked, beginning to feel a bit narked. 'Or do they call you Lop-Ears?' That fetched her. She lifted her head up and fairly scowled at me.

'My name is Margaret Elizabeth.'

'Is that all?' I asked politely. 'What do they call you when they want something in a hurry?'

Blessed if the little rat didn't sniff again!

'Father and mother call me Peggy. Nurse called me Lizzie. Aunt calls me Elizabeth, and I hate it!'

Sort of way aunt *would* treat a lonely orphan. 'All right, Peggy-Lizzie,' said I soothingly. 'Don't get your hair in a knot. Let's scoot round to the window, and chance their catching us. I've got some particular business with Marrowby—'

'If it's the rats,' said she sulkily, 'I've been made to promise not. I shot two yesterday with uncle's revolver, and I was sent to bed. Uncle says it kicks. I told him it was because he didn't know how to use it, and he wasn't pleased. The boys up at the Moor Farm have stolen another gate. He says the whole world conspires to annoy him. I had bread and water for tea.'

She took the end of her red plait and bit a piece off the end with rage.

'Burnt your tongue?' I asked, when she'd eaten it. She *was* a promising young thing. 'Well, let's risk the row and do a move,' said I, for I was getting hot.

'I've promised.'

'Promises don't count if they're made under pressure.'

'Promises always count with *our* family,' said she, with her

rabbity little nose in the air, and I cleared off after that, for the tea didn't seem to be coming our way. At aunt's, if you don't keep in the thick of it, the chances are that you get left.

Honor was standing by the window, looking rather ripping compared with the rest of the girls; but I knew in a minute that she was every bit as bored as I was. She'd just got rid of a pinkish curate, and I wondered what she *could* have done to him in that short time to make him look like a bit of chewed string. Honor does smash up young men. Mother says it's making her hair grey to see the way Honor snubs people. She says she'll never get married if she goes on in this disappointing way, and yet mother daren't say much to her, because once when she was going to a dance mother made her promise not to snub anyone, and when Honor came home she told us that she was engaged to three people—two medical students and a bank clerk of the most penniless kind; and mother and father had to do all the breaking off. The roads round our house were blocked for days with chaps coming to call in traps and motors. Honor said she'd only kept her promise, and flatly refused to be responsible. That's why it is that mother has to be so careful how she brings Honor up. You never quite know what she'll do; and being tactful doesn't always come off in our family.

She smiled when she saw me, and I said: 'I say, you go over there and talk to that blighted orphan, if you want cheering up. Her name's Peggy-Lizzie, but she likes to be called Lop-Ears. She's a nice, loving, gentle Christian kind of a child. It's time *you* had a turn.'

Honor looked indifferently across to the corner, and said she couldn't be bothered with little girls. She never seems to like being bothered with anybody but me, and not always that.

We were standing by the window looking round at the stuffy drab-coloured room and all the hot people, and we could see that everybody was wondering how soon they could decently do a move. That pink curate was still buzzing about us, and Doctor Evans-Jones, and that ass Captain Mereward, who's always trying to please Honor. I know *he* only came on the chance of seeing her, though he daren't speak to her because of the way she always freezes him. He just leans on things and stares. I never saw such a chap to lean. He leant on aunt's Japanese screen once, and it went over into some goldfish which aunt said were more to her than any child. The cat got there first, you see. I wish he'd lean on me. I'd precious soon let him down. That conceited ass

Endellyon was there too, but he never thinks of anyone but himself, judging by his looks. We don't know him and don't want to, and he looks at us as if we were worms. It's all swank. He's county, you see. He was standing by the other window, staring out into the garden. He is rather tall, with black eyebrows and a grim sort of mouth.

Lop-Ears was sitting huddled up in her corner, sniffing, and once after an extra loud sniff I saw Endellyon turn round and have a good look at her. I saw him smile too, and so did Honor, and we *were* surprised, because you never saw a less cheerful object to look at than Lop-Ears was. Suddenly aunt looked up and said :

'Elizabeth, stop sniffing, and come out of that corner. I want you to help me with the tea.'

Endellyon moved a little to let the kid pass him, and I thought he was going to speak, but he didn't. Aunt gave her some cups of tea to pass, and the first thing she did was to fall over Miss James's feet and let go of the tea. It missed Miss James, but aunt got it all in her lap ; and that was worse, because common politeness would have kept Miss James from saying what she thought till she got home, and it didn't aunt. She said it all then. I suppose it was for fear she would forget any of it.

Lop-Ears stood like a stone. Her legs seemed longer and thinner than ever, and she never said she was sorry once. Endellyon picked up the cup and saucer and dried the tea with his handkerchief, and then asked Lop-Ears in rather a decent sort of voice to come out and show him the garden. Lop-Ears said she wouldn't. I could have told him the sort of nursery manners he might expect from her. I'd had some. Aunt wouldn't let her pass any more tea, but kept her to sugar and bread-and-butter and safe things like that ; but once, when she was standing in the middle of the room waiting for something, she suddenly looked up and saw Honor sitting by the window. There's something about my sister that makes people like to look at her. Even when she's silent her eyes go on smiling at you, and she's tremendously pink and white and alluring. Lop-Ears stared and stared, and her face went red, and all at once she picked up a jug of cream and rushed to where Honor was sitting with all her dress billowing round her like a wedding cake, and slap ! dash ! over went Lop-Ears, and the cream too, sprawling full length. There'd been a footstool hidden away somewhere in the offing, I suppose, to trip her up, and all the cream went on to Honor's dress.

'My good child!' my sister began quite sharply; but then she stopped, for she saw how queer Lop-Ears was looking and how she was staring at aunt's back in the most scared way, and Honor was sorry she'd spoken, for she didn't really care about her dress a bit. It was the kind you send to the wash pretty often. She smiled then quite kindly, and was beginning to say it didn't matter, when, before aunt could turn round, that chap Endellyon came quickly up and somehow got himself mixed up with everything just in time. *It was a holy mess!*

'I am so sorry!' he said quickly. 'It was all my clumsiness. I ought to have seen what I was doing. I ought to have looked where I was going. No, it isn't her Royal Highness's fault at all.'

'Is it Elizabeth again?' aunt said, hurrying up with a fringed napkin about the size of a saucer.

'No, certainly not.' Mr. Endellyon lied as smoothly as if he'd been brought up to it from the cradle. I daresay he had. 'I ran into her with my elbow. It was the most unpardonable thing.'

He knelt down beside Honor, drying her dress with his handkerchief; but as he had already dried the tea with it, the handkerchief came off brownish and only made the dress worse; and Honor laughed like anything, and so did I. Lop-Ears found the stool she had fallen over, and crouched down on it beside Honor and stared up at Endellyon. He hadn't been within a mile of us at the time, but aunt believed him at once because he's county. We often wondered then why he came to aunt's parties. Afterwards—but I'd better get on.

'Why did you tell her a lie?' Lop-Ears asked, directly aunt had gone back to the tea-table.

'The reason is obvious.' He smiled at her in rather a kind sort of way. He doesn't look such a swanking blighter when he smiles.

'It's wrong to lie,' said Lop-Ears primly.

'Not to save a princess in distress, surely?'

Directly he said that, Lop-Ears' face got scarlet and her eyes wet, and two great big tears began rolling down her cheeks, and she said:

'Don't—don't! No one loves me now. No one never calls me that now.'

Honor seemed surprised, and without stopping to think what she was letting herself in for, she suddenly put her arm out and pulled Lop-Ears close up to her. Lop-Ears knelt down beside her on the carpet so that Honor should go on keeping her arm where it

was. Honor didn't speak, but she was very red, and quite ashamed of herself, I knew, for we don't do that sort of sloppy thing in our family. I suppose Lop-Ears had been badly brought up, for she seemed to know *how* much better than Honor did, and she snuggled up, sniffing all the time, until Honor lent her a best lace handkerchief—and *that* did it! When she got her ugly little mug into that and smelt the violets she kissed it savagely, and burst out:

'Oh, mummy, mummy, mummy!' Honor and I didn't know where to put ourselves. Endellyon doesn't know us, and he never seemed to think of asking to be introduced; but he stood there watching Lop-Ears, and after a bit he said slowly and thoughtfully:

'Her Royal Highness is evidently a little crushed by her surroundings. I don't like it. Something must be done.'

'You know what aunt is,' said I quickly. 'Aunt never pets anybody.' Honor didn't speak at all. She just watched him with her big black eyes, and left her arm where it was.

'There's some mystery about her,' I explained, feeling jolly uncomfortable. 'Aunt won't tell us who she really is or why she's got her here, and she snubs her so that everyone else does the same. All these people who are here to-day treat her just as aunt does, of course. Aunt says it's time she was taken in hand. She's been spoilt.'

'Gordon!' Honor stopped me suddenly with a look, because after all aunt *is* a relation.

Endellyon was looking round the room at all the people in a scornful, amused sort of way, and then he laughed softly to himself and said something under his breath about something being rather a joke. He looked at Lop-Ears and he looked at Honor; he looked at Miss James, who seemed to be trying to hear what we were saying; and then he went right across the room and sat down beside Mrs. Birkenshaw and began to talk. She's the stodgiest of them all, but I never saw anyone get so excited as she did while Endellyon was talking to her. I saw her mouth open wider and wider, and her beady eyes fairly snapped at him. After a bit he got up and came over to Miss James. She's as white as a bone, but what he said made her get red enough, and as excited as Mrs. Birkenshaw. I was busy having tea then and didn't notice him any more, but by-and-by he came back to the window and stood in front of Honor and Lop-Ears and made a very low bow, and said in quite a loud voice:

'I have the honour to wish your Royal Highness good afternoon!'

Lop-Ears wriggled, and held out her hand. He stooped very low and kissed it, and I could see from where I was that it wasn't any too clean. He looked at Honor in rather a queer way and bowed, without smiling. Honor sat quite still till he had gone, then said she thought *we* might get out of it as well.

For a week we heard nothing more about Lop-Ears, and then aunt dropped in and told mother that, the very day after her party, Mrs. Birkenshaw had called and told aunt that she'd taken a fancy to the child and would like her to come and stay at their house and share the joys and sorrows of her own poor dears.

Aunt wouldn't, of course; and the very next day Miss James put *her* oar in and offered to adopt Lop-Ears, because she was beginning to dread a childless old age.

Uncle said it never rains but it pours, and aunt said, 'No! Certainly not.' Margaret Elizabeth was left in her charge, and in her charge she would remain, however unpleasant she chose to make herself.

The day after Miss James had been, Miss Lake, from the High School, came in with her little lot. She offered to do Lop-Ears well for half fees. She said she should not insist upon religious teaching. She said she knew that young girls in exalted positions were always brought up with open minds, on account of future marriage and having to embrace the faith of the country to which they were called.

Aunt said she was sorry, but the child was nervous and was to be allowed to run wild. Fancy anything running wild at aunt's! Aunt said she wouldn't care if Elizabeth would only give up expecting demonstrative affection.

'She ought to by this time,' mother said in surprise, for it's a thing *we've* never been given to.

'Imagine a great girl of eight sitting on your poor uncle's knee!' said aunt. 'I soon put a stop to *that*.'

The next thing we heard was that Lop-Ears suddenly became flooded with invitations to tea, but aunt wouldn't let her go, because she was never quite sure how she would behave. Everybody seemed to want her and take to her all at once. We couldn't make it out at all. We couldn't imagine a less inviting kid, and said so; but we were sorry we had, afterwards.

It was aunt herself who brought the awful news. She came in like a hurricane one day, and said:

'Margaret Elizabeth is lost!'

'Do you mean that she's run away?' Honor asked at once.

'Do you mean that she's been stolen?' Miss James said excitedly, for she was calling too.

'Not likely!' said I.

'It's a matter for the Secret Service,' said Miss James, getting redder and redder.

'Don't suggest the police,' aunt cried; 'for I have had every barn and cellar searched for two miles. The policeman is a born fool! Your uncle is dragging the duck-pond now. Her bed hasn't been slept in. She's been gone nearly twenty hours!' She sat down suddenly, and mother said so *that* was why aunt had sent up this morning to know if the child was here. Aunt said it was. She said she had thought of us first, because the child seemed to have taken a fancy to Honor. She was always begging that Honor might be allowed to come and play with her.

'Mr. Birkenshaw's coming up the drive,' Honor said, looking out of the window. 'How hot he seems!'

He *was* hot. He came in, mopping. He seemed terribly excited about something or other.

'How on earth are we to keep it quiet?' he said hoarsely to aunt.

'Quiet!' Aunt stared. 'Keep what quiet? Why?'

He sat down and waved away the tea Honor was bringing him.

'The affair might become a national menace,' said he heavily. 'Our friendly relations with Germany would certainly be disturbed. We must get the child back as quietly as it can be done, and not even Scotland Yard must know the terribly ominous truth.'

'What child? Aunt put on her spectacles to see if his expression would explain anything to her. He stopped and fairly gobbled with disgust.

'Of course my wife told me,' said he—'about the lost Margaret Elizabeth, I mean.'

'The man's demented!' said aunt; and I saw that mother and Honor thought the same. He did seem a bit above himself.

He put his hands on his knees and looked solemnly round. 'I am sorry I was indiscreet, but I wish to be allowed to help in this unfortunate affair. We must keep it dark at all costs. I wish to institute an unofficial search-party for the little girl.'

'I've done that already,' said aunt, quite offended. 'There are at least thirty people scouring the country-side for Elizabeth, and I cannot agree with you that it is as well to keep it dark.'

Light is what we want in a case like this—not darkness. I believe she has run away. I shouldn't be at all surprised if she hadn't gone off to try to find her mother.'

'Perhaps no one's ever told her what being an orphan means,' said I, and then I made myself scarce, for I can't stand Birkenshaw. I went down to the pond to watch, feeling quite funny inside about poor old Lop-Ears. They hadn't much luck, however, and uncle was dancing about in agony in the yellow clay because he'd trodden on the edge of an iron barrel-hoop and it had turned on him. They'd only caught three boots, a pineapple tin, and parts of a dead dog; but I wasn't surprised. I believe Lop-Ears could have *waded* across that pond.

They didn't find her that day, or the next, and we began to feel rather awful. Even Honor put on a short skirt and walked miles looking for her, and once I found her nearly crying because of the way Lop-Ears had hung on her that day at aunt's.

It was on the awful third day, when even the policeman was persuaded to say that he had no clue, that I went into the yard at aunt's one morning rather earlyish about those rats, and it was then that I found that piece of paper stuck on the gate. It said:

'Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret Elizabeth is held up for ransom. On payment of 500*l.* she will be released. The money must be brought by 1 unarmed person to the Green Lane End at midnight, and it will be well for him to remember that he will be covered by two rifles till the transaxion is finished.'

I nearly had a fit when I read it, for I thought I knew the writing. It was pale reddish and—but it *might* have been red ink. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was just like a book, and I am bound to say I didn't feel much drawn to play the hero's part—not by myself, anyhow. I did a move from uncle's then, pretty slippy, because I thought I'd better talk it over with Honor before I did anything else. I was worried no end about it. What I couldn't make out was how anyone expected to get a ransom out of aunt. She's too near for words. I don't believe she'd even ransom uncle if brigands got him.

I was nearly home, when I suddenly came on a chap doing something to a motor in the road, and when I got up to him I saw that it was Endellyon. I didn't stop, of course, because he's not in our set. But he looked up and waved. He's a hefty-looking chap out of doors.

'Hallo!' he said. 'Don't go for a minute. I've been away

for a fortnight having something out with myself. I've only just heard about the little girl. It's too awful! Something must be done.'

Seeing that he was interested, and feeling glad to shift the worry, I showed him the letter.

'Pretty sultry that?' said I gloomily.

When he'd read it he looked very angry, and said in a grim sort of way, 'I must deal with this myself, because it's my fault.'

I stared. How *could* it be his fault? He sat down on a big stone and studied the letter again; then he looked up and studied me.

'You seem a sensible sort of chap,' said he. 'We'll work this together, young Gordon. We don't want to be hindered by the police, and we don't want any shooting tomfoolery amongst ourselves.'

'No,' said I, rather disappointed. I thought I might enjoy it if I wasn't alone.

'No,' said he firmly. 'But it's my fault, and I must get the little girl back at once. You see, I did a very silly thing that afternoon. I'm rather fond of little girls with red hair, and I didn't like the way all those women were snubbing her Royal Highness.'

'Why do you call her that?'

'Oh, I generally do. Little girls always seem to like it. And one of those women heard me, and asked me why I did it. The devil prompted me to pay them for their infernal snobbishness, and I invented a sweet fable about the poor little thing. I said she was really the Princess Margaret Elizabeth of Hohenstein Braggenberg, and that her party were out of power at present, so she was being quietly brought up in a model English family until she was eighteen, when there would be a revolution on purpose to put her on the throne, and she would probably be married to one of our own young princes. I said that *that* was why your aunt kept it all so quiet. "She's well paid to hold her tongue," I said, and all her friends were awfully pleased.' He sighed, and played thoughtfully with a greasy black rag.

I gazed at him in wonder, and I must say I liked him for having had such a wipe at aunt and the other stodgers. It explained Mr. Birkenshaw's rum behaviour too.

'So that was why everyone came smarming round wanting to adopt her,' said I.

'Yes. It was the wildest story, and I never expected them to

believe it when I began. But they didn't seem to find it improbable at all. I swore them all to secrecy, but I ought to have known it would leak out through the servants. Do you see what's happened? The insane story has got about the village, and those young devils up at the Moor Farm have taken advantage of what they've heard to do a bit for themselves. They've been reading the "Boy's Friend," I suppose. It's Deadwood Dick who's done it. It seems silly to hesitate about what to do, but they've got guns, you know, and the half-witted one—Stanley—well, *he* won't hesitate to use his. I don't want you to be shot—and I'm not particularly anxious to get disabled myself at this moment.'

'I know,' said I. 'I thought of that. I'm sure she's at the Moor Farm. They don't care what they take. Look at the way they steal geese!'

'We must get a lady to help us,' Endellyon said slowly, watching me out of the corner of his eye. 'Some one to go round and prospect while the lads are out.'

'I'll get Honor,' said I at once. 'She'll like it.'

'Very well.' He seemed to cheer up. 'I'll wait here with the motor till you come back, and then we'll go right up the Moor Road, and stop round the corner out of sight of the farm. I'll think out a plan while you get your sister. It seems too silly that those young Apaches should be able to set us all at defiance like this. They take my gates for firewood, and they steal my poultry, and——'

'They steal everyone's poultry,' said I—'even uncle's.'

'Yet there's something I like about them,' Endellyon went on thoughtfully. 'They're such daring young devils. Their father was a dead wrong 'un, and they've never had a chance.'

'That's what Honor always says,' cried I in surprise. 'She always stands up for them. She always tells mother that they've never had a chance.'

'Does she?' He looked surprised and very thoughtful at that. 'Does she indeed?'

I got Honor without telling her what for, but when she came out in her cotton frock and saw Endellyon and the car she began to say at once that she was afraid she couldn't. But Endellyon wasn't having any. He said quite firmly: Yes she could, and would I go and get a warm coat for my sister and a motor veil? Of course I couldn't find anything for ages, and I made a pretty average hayfield of her wardrobe, I fancy; but I daren't ask anyone else,

and when I came back they didn't seem to mind how long I'd been, and I was surprised to find them talking in quite a calm and friendly way. It seems they'd just remembered that they'd known each other in London in the spring. Honor might have told me.

The moors were very dreary and desolate. It was a horribly grey sky, and made me feel rotten. But though I was all shivery and disgusted, the others were quite cheerful. They were both smiling when the car stopped. I didn't see anything to smile at.

'The plan is——' Endellyon began, when we got out and stood looking at each other in the muddy, rutty road.

'The plan is,' said Honor, who was as pink as I've ever seen her, 'for me to go to the farm wrapped up in a shawl. There's one of Mrs. Endellyon's left in the car. I'm to go and ask for a rest, and then offer to buy eggs. While they're getting them I'm to look about me and try to find out where Peggy-Lizzie's hidden away. It's beautifully simple.'

'I hope you may find it so,' said I gloomily. 'She's locked up in a top attic, I expect.'

'I'm going to have a look round outside,' Endellyon said. 'The lads are always away prowling about the fields in the day-time. There'll only be the old woman and the sister there. We should frighten them at once if we went in, but I should like to be within reach if your sister calls.'

I thought it seemed a pretty rotten plan myself; but I couldn't think of a better one at the moment, so I didn't throw cold water. I just said icily:

'So I'm to mind the car, am I?' and Honor laughed and took off her hat and coat, rumbled her hair, and wrapped herself up in a big grey check shawl with only her nose and chin and a chunk of her hair sticking out.

Then I waited, and I can tell you I did get the blooming hump.

'We're regularly up against it this time,' said I to myself; and I shouldn't have been a bit surprised if Stanley had stuck his old head up over the wall and fired at me. He's pretty hot stuff, I can tell you. I'd have given something to have had uncle's revolver, even if it did kick. But except for one blighted old peewit and some rabbits I never saw a soul. I felt pretty mad with Endellyon too, for letting Honor go into danger. 'I wish I'd never met the perisher and his old motor!' I said to myself; and just then he came running round the corner, and switched on the current to start the engine.

'They're coming! Your sister signed to me from the window to clear off.'

Sure enough, in a few minutes Honor came tearing round the corner, dragging after her the most shocking little object you ever saw. It was Lop-Ears. They'd cut her hair short, and it stood out in fiery chunks and wisps. Her face was black, and she was dressed in boy's corduroy clothes and clogs.

Endellyon wrapped her up in Honor's shawl, and Honor rushed her into the back seat and wriggled into her own coat, and we were off so quickly that *I* nearly got left. We were home in half an hour, and—suffering Anne! we did biff along! When we got to aunt's, Honor was nearly crying and laughing at the same time, and we went straight across the hall just as we were and into the drawing-room full of people—all of us, with that blighted little object in her boy's clothes and the shawl trailing behind her.

'Well!' said aunt, sitting down suddenly. Honor knelt down beside Lop-Ears and put her arm round her, without seeming to notice how black she was or what a lot of people there were in the room. She was quite angry, I could see, and her eyes were wet and shining.

'Aunt,' she said, 'I've brought her home. She ran away because she was unhappy here. They took her in at the Moor Farm, and she says she's never been so happy since she lost her mummy. Oh, I wonder you and uncle aren't ashamed!' There was a sudden movement over by the window, but Honor went on shakily:

'She's been allowed to get very dirty, and she's had horrid things to eat, but she says they loved her a lot all the time, and Peggy-Lizzie can't do without heaps of love. They seem to know how to treat children up there. It was only yesterday that the boys thought of making money out of her. They'd been reading stories about ransoms and things. They didn't lock her up, though; there was no need. She didn't want to come away.'

Lop-Ears hid her face against Honor's clean frock and sniffed.

'I'm going back!' she said hoarsely. 'I don't like here. I shall run away again.'

'Shall you? Oh, Peggy!' A sad voice came from the other side of the room, and made Lop-Ears fairly jump.

'It's a good thing her mother hadn't sailed,' said aunt in a crushed voice. I suppose it *had* been a pretty awful wipe for her. A thin lady with palish red hair and a sort of tired smile came from behind Mrs. Birkenshaw, and Lop-Ears made a sudden gurgling sound in her throat. She made a rush across the room, a wild leap into the red lady's arms, and two thin black legs waved in the air as triumphantly as any old banner.

'Oh, mummy, mummy! Take me away with you, mummy! I'd much rather be eaten! Oh, I'd much rather be eaten!'

The truth was out at last. Margaret Elizabeth was no more an orphan than she was a princess in disguise. Her parents were missionaries; but as they were the Primitive kind, and as aunt is Church, she hadn't cared to have it talked about. Her telegram to say that the kid was lost reached her parents at Southampton only just in time.

And then, before I grasped the full horror of it in time to get away, Endellyon looked down at Honor, who was still kneeling there, and said quietly:

'You don't hate me now?'

Honor got up then. Her eyes were all wet and shining, and she smiled at him as I've never seen her smile before at anyone but me.

'I never hated you,' she said. 'I thought—I was always told that—that you were a snob and—and horrid. Besides, it was *you* who hated me.'

'Did I?' Endellyon laughed. 'I thought you were spoilt. I was always told that you were selfish and hard. I was afraid to come near you because—— You *do* like me now?'

I stared at them both in horror.

'I liked you because you were nice to Peggy-Lizzie,' said Honor, still looking at him in a perfectly reckless way. She was as pink as any old rose.

'I loved *you* when you first put your arm round Margaret Elizabeth,' said Endellyon; and suddenly they were holding each other's hands and seeming to forget that there was anyone else in the room.

'Hadn't we better get a move on?' said I, trying to bring them down to earth; but they took no notice of me. I might have been a table or a chair.

Endellyon looked across at where Lop-Ears was still wriggling with joy in her mother's arms, and then he looked at Honor very strangely.

'Margaret Elizabeth seems to have entered her kingdom at last,' said he.

'Yes,' said my sister.

'When am I to enter mine, Honor?'

'When you like,' said Honor.

DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

GARIBALDI IN SOUTH AMERICA :

A NEW DOCUMENT.

THE twelve years which Garibaldi spent in South America fighting by land and sea for the small republics of Rio Grande and Uruguay, and thereby forming his own military qualities and the method of warfare which he was soon afterwards to make so famous in Europe, is a period of his career which has never yet been subjected to close historical investigation. Whether, if it were investigated on the spot, many important new facts would now be forthcoming, I am unable even to guess. But here at least is one most interesting document, kindly lent me by Mr. Rollo Russell, who has found it among the papers of his father, Lord John. The evidence which it affords of the truth of the usual tradition of Garibaldi's manner of life in Montevideo is very complete and very convincing, for it is the evidence of a disinterested official—an English diplomat—who being thrown into close connexion with Garibaldi in the course of his public duties was so much struck by the noble personality and character of the guerilla that twelve years later, when Garibaldi's name began to be a subject of fierce controversy in Europe, he could not desist from sending to the British Foreign Office an account of his own experiences in the matter.

The diplomat in question is Sir William Gore Ouseley (1797-1866), who has his niche in our 'Dictionary of National Biography.' At the ripe age of fifty he was sent on a special mission to Montevideo, the capital of the Republic of Uruguay. Uruguay was at that time overrun by the armies of Rosas, the Dictator of Argentina, who was laying siege to the capital. 'In conjunction with M. Deffandis, the representative of France'—and it may be added with the help of Garibaldi—Ouseley 'secured the evacuation of Uruguay by the Argentine troops and the withdrawal of their fleet from the capital, which was occupied by English and French troops.'

Years passed by, and in 1859 Garibaldi became prominent in Europe as the leader of the volunteers in the Alpine part of

the Franco-Italian war against Austria. Although the expedition of the Thousand, his crowning achievement, only took place in the following year, he represented to Europe an idea and a policy even in 1859. It was in these circumstances that Sir William Gore Ouseley, recollecting evidently not without emotion the events of twelve years before in the River Plata, penned the following Memorandum for the British Foreign Office. In the enclosing letter to Lord John Russell, dated 'San José, 9 December 1859,' he states that the Memorandum 'was written some months ago,' for Lord John's Conservative predecessor, Lord Malmesbury, but that ill-health and other circumstances prevented its being sent. 'I think it an act of justice to a deserving man,' he writes, 'to bring it to your Lordship's knowledge':

Late articles in Austrian papers, amplified and transferred to other continental periodicals, grossly misrepresent the acts, character, principles, and career of Garibaldi.

These vituperative accounts have obtained currency in England. Many persons are really deceived by them,—others are willing, from political bias or otherwise, to give currency to them.—The ultramontanes in Italy and elsewhere are violent against Garibaldi while Austrian Editors not only eagerly receive and publish villifying letters or reports,—but often invent charges against him.

As few have had such personal opportunities as myself of knowing Garibaldi's real character and conduct, I think it my duty to state from my own knowledge some facts respecting him. to Your Lordship, convinced that you will not allow the calumnies that have been heaped upon a brave, worthy and upright man. to prejudice your mind when you are made aware of the unfairness or positive mendacity of the calumniators of Garibaldi.

While employed as special Minister at Montevideo, I was for about two years in constant communication with this remarkable man. He was as Commander in Chief of the Montevidean Naval force, placed by that Government [with his own ready concurrence,] under the orders of the English and French Admirals. The vessels of the combined English and French squadrons were for the most part of too great a draft of water to serve in some of the Tributaries of the River Plata,—and the Montevidean flotilla was found of the greatest use on many occasions in defending the Banda Oriental from repeated invasions by Rosas' forces. In order to render the flotilla efficient

it was necessary to supply Garibaldi with arms, munitions of war, naval stores, or the means of procuring them.

The duty of providing for the wants of the Montevidean flotilla devolved on the French Commander in Chief and myself. But the intercourse and communication between Garibaldi and the Commanders of the combined Squadrons—English and French—was principally through me; partly because the Admirals or officers in command were generally afloat or absent,—and also because the English Commander-in-Chief was not conversant with French, Italian or Spanish. Moreover the monthly payments to Garibaldi [half of which was by mutual agreement paid by the French Government], and supervision of his accounts, became my task.

It might seem more in the usual course of business that the Requisitions and estimates for supplying the wants of the Montevidean force should have come from the Montevidean Government rather than that their Commander in Chief should have been placed I may say, almost directly under my orders, receiving supplies through me. But the Government of the Republic of La Plata offer no exception to the general rule as regards all Spanish or Spanish-American administrations. Venality, malversation and corruption are notorious in every department. It would have been worse than useless to trust to any native Department, or officers, civil or military, for the faithful employment of the Sums or Stores furnished by the French and English Governments.

Encouraged by the reputation that even at that time Garibaldi had acquired, not merely for gallantry in arms—but for honour and integrity, I resolved on making all arrangements with himself personally. Of course at first, and while I had little knowledge or experience of this deserving man, a certain degree of distrust induced me to take various methods of checking his accounts, and indirectly ascertaining that the supplies were duly administered. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the results of my examination, and even of investigations hostile in their character, and called for by persons anxious to be themselves employed in these matters and extremely jealous of Garibaldi as a foreigner, and both nationally and personally interested in opposing him. Every test redounded to his honour, and further experience showed the excellence of his judgment, and the prudence of his advice. Indeed the French and English Admirals had more than once to regret having at first distrusted and rejected his counsels.

Garibaldi used to come to me generally in the evening, and

always enveloped in a Poncho or cloak, which garment he never quitted while the interview lasted. This appeared singular. I subsequently ascertained that his reason for coming after dark was that he had not means to purchase lights for his own use,—and therefore he wrote and prepared his orders, maps &c., as long as daylight lasted, and then came to me. He wore his Poncho to conceal the dilapidated state of his clothes, for he literally had not wherewithal to procure a decent suit. The pay and rations that he ought to have received from the Government of Montevideo never reached him, or only a trifling part of them. The necessities of the Government often left all payments unavoidably much in arrear, for the interior of the Banda Oriental was occupied almost entirely by the besieging troops of Rosas. . . .

[Some details relating rather to the position of Montevideo, and the want and starvation to which it was reduced, than to Garibaldi personally are omitted.]

At this very time, and while Garibaldi was almost in a state of destitution, Rosas made the most pressing overtures to him—offering him not only the command of the Buenos Ayrean flotilla, with considerable appointments, but a present of 30,000 hard dollars,—to be paid immediately. But the proffered temptation had not the slightest effect on Garibaldi, who retained his command during my stay in the River Plata, and after I had been superseded by Lord Howden, who subsequently expressed in the House of Lords a very favourable opinion of Garibaldi.

An exceptional and most useful qualification possessed by Garibaldi is that he is able to command and act, afloat as well as on shore, being an excellent practical seaman, with much nautical knowledge. The Genoese and Sardinians, then under his command, partook of this quality, although they were by habit more sailors than soldiers.

I could relate many traits of the daring of this gallant leader, as well as of his prudence and skill.

The extreme modesty of his quiet and rather reserved manners strikes those who see him for the first time, and who in most instances have previously formed a totally erroneous opinion of him. Kind, humane and gentle as he is disposed to be—he knows how to keep his followers in order, and to exact obedience. He not only never was known to avail himself of his many opportunities of even allowable personal profit, and has always strictly prevented his men from pillaging or otherwise misconducting themselves.

At first the French and English Commanders in Chief were uneasy at having under their command a leader and forces

whose modes of discipline they could not well understand, and they enquired through me [at one of the numerous meetings that took place at my house] how he proposed to check disorder &c. He replied, in a quiet manner, that he never had any difficulty in the prevention of crime, outrage or insubordination. When asked more particularly what actual mode of punishment or repression he adopted,—he calmly replied that when some gross act had been committed or attempted, and that his authority was defied by any of his men—'*Je lui brûle la cervelle,—mais cela n'arrive que rarement.*' In fact he had on more than one occasion been obliged to draw one of the pistols, always worn in his belt, and resort to the extreme remedy that he mentioned.

It may become a not unimportant question to ascertain how far Garibaldi may be qualified for command on a great scale. My own opinion is that he would not be found wanting if placed in command of a large army. The fact however of his having been so long accustomed to partizan warfare,—guerilla expeditions, and peculiar half-maritime struggles in command of relatively small forces, may have unfitted him to command such armies as are now on foot in Europe.—Garibaldi must be past fifty, so that his habits may be formed, so as not easily to be altered and adapted to warfare on a different scale from that in which he has hitherto distinguished himself.—However the qualities that he so eminently possesses,—of prudence, foresight, courage and conciliatory conduct, united with firmness of purpose and popularity with his men, and indeed generally with all who know him,—fit him for command, while his promptness in seeing and taking advantage of circumstances, and his cool audacity at the moment of carrying out the most difficult and daring enterprizes, must ever render him a formidable opponent.

W. G. OUSELEY.

In connexion with Garibaldi's poverty at this period, when he commanded the forces of Montevideo, it must be borne in mind that he was living with his wife, Anita, bringing up a family of small children, and was just at that time of life when penury hurts a man most. Yet, as is well known, he refused emoluments offered him by the Republic for his services, on the ground that those who fight to save countries from tyranny should not seek worldly rewards. In this connexion I am tempted to add here a letter of Mazzini's, which now lies before me; it was given me by Lady Fitch and Miss Pickton in 1909. It is one of the most touching and interesting of Mazzini's

letters, and well deserves to be printed. As is usual with his correspondence, there is no date, but it is probably 1846 :

DEAR MRS. WILKS,—

I write these few lines before receiving your parcel¹; I will however add a word tomorrow morning at the receiving of it. Do not trouble yourself about what you can find; little or much, what you send is welcome, and is more than we have a right to expect from our best friends, in the mass of poverty that surrounds them on every side. And when you have nothing to send, your prayers and good intentions will be a comfort and a strengthening influence to us.

I will send today, or rather tomorrow (Saturday), for I write by night, a small parcel containing the 'Echo.' You will find in it a paper, which I think I have never sent to you, concerning some brave deeds of our Italian Legion at Montevideo²; they are deeds of war; but you must not forget that war is a *fact*, and will be a fact for some time more; and though dreadful in itself, very often the way—the only way—of helping right against brutal Force. It is well therefore that our Italians behaved bravely and honestly in these matters as well as in more peaceful pursuits. I will send you a copy of a very short letter received subsequently to this engagement of which the printed paper speaks, in which Garibaldi declines the title of General and the pecuniary rewards offered by the Montevidean Government. This countryman of mine ought to be better known: I hope still that he will one day or other [play?] a prominent part in our Italian affairs. The decree of the Montevidean Government, honouring our Legion, was sent by me to the 'Times,' but was not inserted. *Vae victis!* and we are a conquered people. Should such facts belong to France or Spain everybody would hasten to record them. Perhaps I will try one of these days the 'People's Journal'. . . .

JOS. MAZZINI.

Certainly the times are more propitious for Italy now; and that countryman of his became as well known as even Mazzini could desire.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

¹ Doubtless a contribution to his school for poor Italians in London.

² Probably referring to Garibaldi's victory of Sant'Antonio over Rosas' army, February 1846.

THE LOST IPHIGENIA.¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

'PERMIT me, dear Bertha, to present to thee Fräulein Vaneck, of whom I have told thee so much.—Fräulein, this is my *liebes Fräuchen*.'

'Ach, Fräulein Vaneck,' said Frau Reinhardt, 'I am heartily glad to make your acquaintance! It is true, my husband has spoken much of you. He tells me of the wonderful voice—Ach, Fräulein, what courage you have! How often I say to my man, "I could find it in me to wish thou hadst been born without a voice."'

'Do not believe her,' said the good-natured tenor, showing a row of splendid teeth in the wide smile of a child. 'She is quite pleased, sometimes, when I have a little success.'

'Na!—I admit,' said Frau Bertha complacently, 'I am proud of my man.'

Sarolta thought to detect a certain condescension in the proprietary tone of this remark, and hazarded the question: 'Are you, perhaps, also a singer, *gnädige Frau*?'

She spoke timidly enough. It was the first time she had been permitted such a dashing act of freedom as this afternoon visit, unattended. The rigid guardianship to which she had been subjected since her arrival in Frankheim had acted depressingly upon her sensitive artist nature, and seemed to have made of her a different being from the Paris Sarolta—gay, self-reliant, *ne doutant de rien*, sure of her own importance in the scheme of the world. She coloured hotly now at the unexpected effect of her remark.

'I!' cried her hostess, straightening her plump figure with an offended air. 'I, Fräulein! Ach, that is truly a comical idea!'

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Friedhelm Reinhardt himself appeared as anxious as his wife to correct the impression.

'*Bewahre!*' he exclaimed—the vernacular equivalent to 'Heaven forbid!'—'My wife is the daughter of Mr. Privy Councillor Court-Medicine Doctor Stieglitz, of Darmstadt.'

'You can conceive, *Fräulein*,' added the hostess, smoothing down her ruffled feathers with something of the movement of a little fat pigeon, 'that when I broke with every tradition of my family, to wed with my Friedhelm, it was not altogether an easy matter. . . Ach, my Papa, and *die Tante* and my *seliger Onkel*, the *Justizrath*! How were they not angry! But love, *Fräulein*—love conquers all.'

Her bright brown eyes swam sentimentally.

'Yes,' echoed the Viking. He laughed in his blonde beard; but the laugh was tinged with emotion. 'Love, as Bertha truly says—love conquers all!'

'And I would not wish thee other than thou art,' admitted the noble Bertha. 'Thou knowest that, my Friedhelm.'

'There is no mistaking it,' thought the astonished Sarolta; 'the creature is patronising that great artist!'

She sat with parted lips, staring from one to the other, under her straight brows; and blushed again to intercept the amorous glance that passed between the two.

In her mind was a rising scorn. How was it the man did not realise that it was he who condescended? What could he see in her that he could look at her with such eyes of admiration and affection?—could look thus at this uninspiring commonplace court-doctor's daughter from Darmstadt?

The Reinhardts' house was a quaint wooden structure some way beyond the walls of the old town. It reminded one of Switzerland, not only in appearance, but in actual situation; for it was perched on the side of the hill, with a pine-crowned crag at the back. Sarolta had had to climb a precipitous path to reach it from the main road. Had the windows been opened, the roar of a torrent would have filled the room.

But the windows were not open. Frau Bertha was no advocate of such a system. It was wasteful in winter to let in cold air when stoves were lit; while in summer, hot air, sunshine, dust, and flies were equally obnoxious to the housekeeper.

Sarolta thought, sarcastically, that the lady's type of mind was well enough typified by the atmosphere about her. But

there was an agreeable fragrance of fresh-ground coffee, which redeemed the situation.

Buxom Frau Bertha bustled to serve her; and, though prejudiced and disdainful, the girl could not but notice the excellence of the beverage, the crispness of the *Waffeln*, and the snowy daintiness of the embroidered napkins handed with every cup. It was evident that the singer's wife was a *Hausfrau* of the first order.

The conversation proceeded briskly, though in a one-sided manner. Friedhelm was for the most part silent; attentive to his guest, and ready to beam an affirmation to the smallest appeal from his wife. Sarolta, too, had little to say; but she was by no means in one of those moods of dreamy absorption, in which the external world was a blank to her. She was, on the contrary, keenly alive to Frau Bertha's chatter. For the name of Lothnar was for ever recurring in it and each artless word cast a fresh light upon that isolated and mysterious figure.

'You like our little house, Fräulein Vaneck? Ach, it gives me pleasure to hear you say so. But what a position!—What! You like the position? Is it possible! That water yonder, as I said to Dr. Lothnar, I hear it in my sleep. It pursues me. And those gloomy pine-woods. The doctor says they're wholesome. Gott! They make almost as much noise as the water, with the wind in them. And then the inconvenience—as I told Dr. Lothnar with these lips: of course *you* cannot realise the inconvenience—quite twenty minutes' walk to the market. And by-and-by, when our Ulrichchen grows up, what a way it will be for him to get to the school!—so I said to Dr. Lothnar—and he little Ulrich's godfather!—"He will never be able to come back to his dinner. He will have to take it in a basket." And then, the loneliness! Not a house nearer than the town . . . except indeed the Schloss—and that is all very well for Friedhelm to be so near the Schloss, as I tell him; but what diversion is it to me who am not allowed across the threshold? Though indeed, Herr Lothnar can be very agreeable company, Fräulein. Affable and entertaining—and sometimes comic. Ach, to make one laugh to death!'

Sarolta frowned involuntarily; it displeased her to hear that the Master could be affable, and entertaining, to this second-rate little woman. She did not for a moment believe that he could be comic.

But she was thrilled to know that the Schloss was near; and the end of her hostess's next speech made her rise and eagerly go to the window.

'Na, what can one do?—When the doctor orders, we submit—we all submit. Is it not so, Friedhelm?—Bah, even Frau Hegemann, rigid as she is, has to duck the head when he so much as lifts a finger! He said to me, "I must have Friedhelm within reach"; and, true enough, he will summon him at any time. We hear the great horn blown from the balcony of the music-room yonder; and even if my poor man has but just sat down to a *Kalbscotelette*, he must drop his knife and fork and hurry away. Is it not so, my Friedhelm?—Na, Fräulein, you can see a bit of the roof—and the gilded vanes over the trees.'

She followed the girl to the window as she spoke, and the flow of her talk uninterruptedly babbled on.

'Figure to yourself, dear Fräulein, that we were settled in the most delightful apartment imaginable. Conceive! A second-floor, looking upon the Markt Platz. What had we not there? Electric light, telephone, central heat, and society. But Herr Lothnar—Herr Lothnar would have none of it. Ach, might he not have run a telephone-wire to the Schloss? But the look he gave me when I suggested it. . . . I'm not often frightened, but I did not dare say another word, I assure you. Ah, these artists! And then he had some droll idea—that is his way, Fräulein Vaneck: Prometheus can only evolve himself among pines and crags, he said. He would not listen to me when I told him that Friedhelm was scarcely ever disturbed in the dining-room. Rocks and pine-trees! Did he not tell thee so, Friedhelm?— And so it was. Pack, pack! Ach, what a career! You have courage, Fräulein.—Another cup of coffee, Friedhelm? Thou hast had but three!'

Sarolta still stood, gazing out. There ran the red road, looping round the precipitous hill upon which stood the wooden house. Yonder it lost itself behind a cluster of trees, and there it ran again in view. Where spread that mass of black trees was the park, and the curvetty weathercock rising from among them marked the Schloss. The Schloss! The enchanted dwelling where brooded the magician whose wand ruled them all.

Then she glanced up at the lowering pines that seemed to hang over the house, and longed to fling open the casement that she might catch the full voice of the torrent.

A Prometheus can only evolve himself among pines and crags, he had said. There, in words, was the Lothnar as she conceived him—far away, indeed, from the affable comie man of Frau Reinhardt's description!

The mighty drama of Æschylus had laid hold of her imagination. Yes, the singer who would be inspired to interpret the Prometheus of Æschylus and of Lothnar should steep himself in such wild and solemn scenes!

How superb Friedhelm had been in the part was the talk of the year. The girl now heard him gulp down his fourth cup with disdainful amazement. Suddenly she turned excitedly back to the room:

'Frau Reinhardt! Here is a man coming down the path through the pines towards the house. I think—I think, it is Dr. Lothnar!'

Her eye was filled with the vision of the striding figure, bareheaded and bent against the wind, with wide grey cloak flapping behind. It could, she was sure, only be Lothnar; and there seemed fitness that he should come down like this from the ruggedness of the mountain and the sombre shade of the pines, marching against the wind.

'Tis he, indeed, *guter Kerl!*' said Friedhelm jovially.

'Ach, was!' exclaimed his little wife. 'That means fresh *Waffeln*. I will tell Rosa to beat the paste, ready for me to turn. Ach! and little Ulrich, shall he not have his plaid frock to greet the godpapa?'

'Wait a minute, Berthchen,' advised the tenor. 'The Master may not be in the mood for our wormlet. Na, I must open the door to him.'

Sarolta remained standing, amazed that the knowledge of this advent, which was plunging her in such agitation, should be received in this manner. Hot *Waffeln*!—the plain frock for the *Würmchen*! Frau Bertha certainly had the talent to bring everything down to her house-baking level. Then she began to wonder: ought she not to go? Her hostess had vanished to the kitchen. She could hear Friedhelm's lusty shout in the garden, answered by another as lusty. Ought she to try to slip by the two as they met?—or would not that seem a discourtesy?

Frau Bertha reappeared, scarlet-cheeked and bright-eyed; she screamed at the mere suggestion.

'Ach, was! But it is quite likely he is come here to look

at you. Besides, I promised Frau Hegemann to conduct you back.'

Lothnar seemed to carry the breath of the pine-woods in with him. He entered at his hurling gait, brought himself up short, undid his great cloak at the throat, and flung it at Friedhelm.

'How, how!—what is this?' he shouted. 'It is suffocating here. Do you never open a window, Frau?'

'Aber, yes, every morning, Herr Doktor, to shake the rugs,' cried the lady, scandalised.

'Well, since they can open, open all, for God's sake,' ordered the newcomer. 'How can my tenor keep his lungs in play if you give them no air? Answer me that!'

'Na; when a man perspires so freely as my Friedel it is very dangerous to let the open air in upon him.'

'He would not perspire so much,' pronounced the Master, 'if you did not keep him in a furnace. Ah, you women, are you not the Devil? Is it not true, Prometheus?'

Prometheus turned a heated countenance from the task of unbolting the casements. He mopped his forehead; a gust rushing by the window set his blonde beard waving.

'It is true I perspire freely,' he said, in non-committal tone, while Frau Bertha plucked Sarolta by the sleeve and whispered:

'That is what the Doctor always says: Women are the devil. Is he not comic?'

Dr. Lothnar drew in the air with a sharp sound; and then, for the first time, seemed to become aware of Sarolta's presence. He hailed her:

'Ach; and are you there?'

At that she advanced to him. His hand behind his back, he surveyed her.

'So! There you are.'

Frau Bertha pattered out of the room, coffee-can in hand; and Lothnar turned his head quickly at the sound of the closing door.

'Fresh coffee, ha?' he queried of Reinhardt, who stood, impassive, genial, beside him. 'Thy Fräuchen's coffee is worth drinking.'

'And to-day we have *Waffeln*,' added the giant, simply.

'*Waffeln*?—*Prachtvoll*! Only have a care, *mein bester*:

not enough air and too much clover, and you'll get too fat for me—and then what shall I do?'

'Oh, I shall grow thin! You'll see to that,' said Reinhardt, with his flashing smile, as he wheeled the best armchair forward. 'You'll take it out of me in good time, when we begin repetitions, never fear!'

Lothnar let himself drop into the seat, with a groan of content.

'Fräulein, if you will place that little table at the Master's elbow,' whispered the tenor, 'I will help the wife to carry in the coffee.'

'*Mein Friedhelm*,' said Lothnar, suddenly, 'when didst thou fail to please me?' He spoke with a softening of his whole countenance, smiling with lips and eyes, in a way that was a positive revelation to Sarolta. His harsh voice had a husky softness. She had been brewing indignation at the manner in which she was treated. She was not a little girl—nor an inferior—to be kept standing and ordered about. Yet, as Lothnar spoke these last words, like a flash her puerile irritation went from her. She told herself, passionately, that for such a look, for such a tone from him, she could gladly die.

Then she was alone with him, and the blue eyes were upon her.

'Na, and that table?' he was saying, with a quizzical smile.

Flushing, she brought it. With the well-remembered jerk of his eyebrows, he kept her beside him.

'Well, and how do you like Frankheim? And how does Frau Hegemann look after you?'

His glance was once more plunging and searching. Sarolta's spirit began to rise to the challenge.

'I shall like Frankheim well enough, especially when the work begins,' she blurted out, 'but I hate Frau Hegemann. Look after me? She looks after me as if I were her prisoner.'

Lothnar drew his brows; his rugged face took an air almost of ferocity.

'Quite right,' he growled, twisting his fingers in his beard. 'That is my will. I keep my vestals close.'

He disengaged his hand, lifted his forefinger, threatening. There came a thunder into his voice:

'Aha, what is that I hear of you? What of young men with bouquets and presents at the station? Iphigenia with sweet-

hearts! *Pfui!* What have you to do with a sweetheart? Answer me that.'

The girl blushed to agony, as she cried, indignantly:

'I have nothing to do with any sweetheart.'

'So. What business has that young man about you, then?'

'No business. He wants to marry me. I won't have him. That is all.'

'So. Then if you won't have him, why do you let him bring you pretty things? Why do you keep him dangling? Why do you take his flowers? Is that maidenly? Is that becoming? Is that for an Iphigenia? Come here. Come nearer. Let me look into your eyes. Do you not understand what maidenliness means to the maiden? If you lose that, who is to give it back to you?'

It was as if, fascinated by his power, Sarolta could not resist compliance. Yet, even as she drew close and advanced her now whitening face to his gaze, there sprang a fury within her, so overwhelming that if she had had a weapon to her hand, she might well have struck with it.

He broke into an unexpected chuckle and motioned her from him.

'Na, it goes still, it goes still! A German virgin, with eyes cast down; tears and blushes ready at a look; such a one you are not! But fire you have; and it is still white flame. That is well. White let it burn!' Then, with a whimsical change, he said, curiously: 'And why will you not marry him—the rich Englishman?'

'I don't know.' Sarolta bit a trembling lip; she might have shed tears with comfort, after that fierceness of anger. But she would not—would have killed herself rather. 'I don't want him. I don't want to be married. I——' she flung him a full, defiant look. 'I want to sing Iphigenia.'

'So——' said Lothnar, gravely.

CHAPTER IX.

A WEEK later, with the abruptness characteristic of him, Lothnar summoned Sarolta, within the hour, to the Schloss. It was Friedhelm Reinhardt who brought the message. He kept the droschke, in which he arrived, waiting at the door. Frau Hegemann was to accompany them.

Sarolta wondered, as she flung on the fur cap and the warm squirrel coat that had been Sady's farewell gift to her, whether it was in pursuance of his theory of vestals that Lothnar desired this lady's attendance upon her, or whether it was for the purpose of receiving another report. The girl's heart still burned when she recollected that conversation in the wooden house; how she had been spied upon and misrepresented; and the singular things Lothnar had said to her. Yet her wrath was all for the woman, for the servant—not at all for the Master.

She hurried down the stairs and into the droschke, and found that she was expected to take the back seat as a matter of course. Reinhardt, wrapped to the ears in a huge fur coat, had already settled himself beside the multi-angular Hegemann.

The cold was piercing, under a steel-grey sky. The sorry animal that drew the fly slipped and stumbled along over the ice-bound road, to the fierce chucks of his driver. It was perhaps Frau Hegemann's presence that rendered the tenor so unusually silent. After an encouraging smile to Sarolta, he tucked his beard inside his upstanding fur collar, and became absorbed in thought.

Seated on her narrow perch, Sarolta turned her gaze away from the contemplation of the two visages to that of the shifting scene outside. Up one street they went, and down another. The little town grew poor and quaint and ancient; the walls reared themselves; they rattled out under the old Town Gate between barren fields on the one side and the advanced posts of the pine-forest on the other. All the mounds and cracks of the red earth were white with frost. Hoar hung from the pine-needles; the bramble and ivy strands along the banks were delicately silvered. Friedhelm roused himself as at last his little wooden house came into view, and looked eagerly for some signal from the sealed windows.

'The wife must be in the kitchen,' he said, and there was pride mixed with his air of disappointment. It was evident, Sarolta thought, that this perpetual cooking was to him the ideal work of womanhood. She wondered vaguely how he regarded herself—only, of course, as a little girl still, or she would not be sitting back. But when she had blossomed into the great singer she meant to be, surely she would be treated as a being apart. She remembered how operatic stars were regarded in London, the court that was paid to them by the highest in the

land. . . . One day people would press forward as she passed, get themselves presented to her as if she were royalty, strew her path with flowers, not from silly sentimentality like Johnny, but as a testimony to genius. No one would expect her to make coffee or toss wafers, much less to be sitting with her back to the horses, as if she were a servant.

The wall of the Schloss Park leaped up on one side of them, and in a very few minutes the old horse was drawn up sprawling before the high, closed gates. A surly-looking doorkeeper peered at them through the bars; but at sight of Reinhardt he saluted and unbarred, and, groaning on its wheels, the droschke was turned into the avenue.

A slight shiver came over Sarolta, as the dark sombreness of the park closed in about them. Unlike the surrounding country, the trees here were nearly all oak and beech; a rank vegetation had been allowed to riot unchecked. A good deal of brown foliage still clung to the branches, and the untouched leaf-mould of years spread thick underneath.

They emerged, however, presently into a wide space, which must have been the pleasure-grounds, but which was now a mere stretch of overgrown grass-land, with only here a choked-up fountain and there a lichen-covered balustrade to testify to past splendours.

In the midst of this melancholy decadence rose the Altschloss. Once the most coquettish expression of German baroque taste, and the favourite summer resort of the Electors, it now stood, with its curvetted ironwork rusted, its bulging balconies and its terrace-balustrades crumbling, its high, broad-eaved mansard roofs moss-grown, the most forlorn, discarded thing imaginable! *Ludwigsruhe* had been meant to hold the pleasant pomps, the mimic state, the gallantries and the intrigues of a little Court, aping, in its puppet way, Versailles splendours; and its stones, that were carved all for smiles like the lips of a coquette, could have in ruin no dignity.

Anyone who found interest in contrasts might have pondered over the grim turn of fate that had made the Sommer Schloss of the princely rulers of yore a refuge for a Lothnar. The man who had chosen this dwelling-place because of its possibilities for a fiercely imposed seclusion, cared as little for the degeneracy of his surroundings as he would have cared for its gilded and tasselled luxury. In those old days his existence would

hardly have been acknowledged within those walls, except as an apology for an evening's amusement. Now the stern son of the people ruled as no twenty-seventh Ludwig or Friedrich-Karl had ever ruled over the whole province. Frankheim had never known such an autocrat—nay, Frankheim's own legitimate sovereign thought himself honoured by the musician's condescension, and would gladly have placed a less neglected residence at his disposal, that he might reign in fitting state.

No such thoughts, apparently, struck Friedhelm Reinhardt, as they drove up. Outside the well-defined circle of their inspiration, great artists are apt to take life as it comes, much as children take it. Frau Hegemann, on her side, was certainly not given to philosophic musings, still less to romantic. As for Sarolta—confused impressions struggled in her brain; and, these days, thought jostled thought to a point that sometimes dazed her. Not yet twenty, she was just still a creature all of impulse, of desire, not of reason or judgment. She felt the full romance of Lothnar's surroundings, but without defining the sensation.

As she slipped into the empty chill spaces of the hall after her companions, the pitifulness of all this faded finery struck her more, indeed, than could any splendour of Gothic decay, open to sky and wind; but the sense of proximity to the immense personality she was about to meet swallowed up all power of consecutive reflection. It was only afterwards, in long hours afterwards, that she pondered, and knew the poetic singularity of it all.

They were introduced by a good-natured-looking, flat-visaged, square-shouldered servant, who grinned jovially at Reinhardt; and, pointing over his shoulder towards a door on the right, thus addressed him:

'The Master is above, Herr Friedhelm. He would speak to the Frau Tante first. But it is heated in there.' He again jerked his thumb, and then beckoned the angular lady stairwards.

'Will you come in, Fräulein?' said Reinhardt, and opened the door indicated. His own countenance expanded at the gush of warm air that rushed out upon them.

Sarolta came in slowly.

'Na—this is something!' said the tenor, divesting himself of his fur coat and approaching the rose-china stove.

The small round room was furnished in velvet that had once been crimson, but was now faded to a colour resembling the lees of red wine. There were hangings of the same round the walls, festooned with gold braid and trimmings so tarnished as to be almost black. Through the grimy, high, square windows, only a dim green light filtered in through the overgrown shrubbery outside.

'Will you not sit, Fräulein Sarolta?'

The girl stood, frowning.

'What did the man mean,' she asked abruptly, 'by his Frau Tante?'

A moment the tenor was puzzled.

'Frau Tante? How!'

'Frau Hegemann!' she exclaimed, impatiently.

'So. Aha! Mark is a wag. The good lady is no real aunt to the Doctor. Only—' he dropped his voice, 'only the aunt of his poor wife, you know.'

'How!' cried Sarolta in her turn. She could not explain it to herself, but the word was like a blow. 'His wife? Whose wife?'

'Did you not know? Is it possible, Fräulein, to be here so long, and not know?'

'No one tells me anything.'

'After all, there is little to tell. Lothnar's wife is ill. It is no good making a secret of it—she is mad. Mad—shut up! She is Frau Hegemann's niece. He went to see her yesterday; that is why, no doubt, he sent for Frau Hegemann to-day.'

Sarolta sat down; a weakness had taken her in the knees. She had crimsoned and grown very hot, first; now she felt cold even in the close room. She was glad it was so dark. . . . She had not known, she had never guessed, that Lothnar was married. Married—and his wife mad; how terrible! Was that why his face was so lined, his manner so harsh, his air sometimes so wild and stern?

'How could he have married a niece of that horrid Frau Hegemann?' Almost unconsciously she had formed the words aloud. Reinhardt, standing with his back to the stove, a towering figure in the odd little room, stroked his beard musingly.

'Ach, Gott, who can tell? He was very young! Na—not twenty. And they say she was beautiful. They had great poverty together. And Frau Hegemann helped them—I believe she took them in when they were starving. She had a *pension*

then, in Heidelberg. Ach, those were days! He has told me a little of them—Fräulein, they wanted him to be a teacher in a school! Him! Lothnar! But he knew himself—knew his genius. There was struggle, there was despair. He had to eat a bitter bread, the great one. Na, he broke loose in the end; and when the turn of the wheel came, then she had gone mad. . . . Well, he ate from the Hegemann's hand once, and was sheltered under her roof. That he cannot forget; and now he protects her. You understand?'

Sarolta had listened with parted lips, her hands in their shabby gloves clutching each other as she sat.

'Will his wife ever get better?' she breathed at last.

Reinhardt shook his head.

'I fear not—I fear not. They even say she is worse. Last time he told me she is grown like an old woman, and her hair that was golden is quite white.'

Sarolta had a sudden sigh; something secret and evil whispered within her that she was glad that Lothnar's wife should look like an old woman—that her hair, once golden, should be white; glad, too, that she would never be better.

'You are to come up,' said Mark, the servant, appearing with his grin.

As they followed him, Frau Hegemann crossed them in the hall. Sarolta fancied that the woman looked at her more sourly than ever—malevolently almost. She noticed that one knobby hand, in its black-knitted glove, was clasped round a folded envelope.

'She has been making her report,' thought the girl. 'He has given her money.'

Her heart swelled with a sense of disdain, mixed with fear. 'Yet, perhaps,' she reflected, 'it is her pleasure to spy and repeat; and because she once helped and fed him he is patient and has to listen.'

'Go right up, please, Herr Reinhardt, while I put the Gnä' Frau in the droschke,' called out the man in his unceremonious, yet not disrespectful, manner. 'The Herr Doktor will send you home,' he added.

As Sarolta walked meekly up the stairs behind Reinhardt, she was conscious in some subtle manner that Frau Hegemann was angry at having to leave her behind, and in the satisfaction of this thought her momentary misgiving passed.

'Ach, thou!' cried Lothnar in a glad voice.

He did not get up as they entered; he was sitting in an enormous shabby leather armchair, that contrasted singularly with the delicate Empire furniture sparsely scattered throughout the very large room.

This had evidently been one of the chief saloons of the Schloss. A couple of worn Aubusson carpets seemed lost upon the sea of a once polished floor. Even the two grand pianos made small impression of bulk. Some of the windows had no curtains; and in spite of a couple of black iron stoves, the pipes of which ruthlessly perforated the once white and gold panelled walls, the air of the place was chilly.

Lothnar sat, his hands hanging limply over the arms of his chair. He smiled; but the girl thought his face was tired and sad. She wondered how much yesterday's visit to his mad wife had to do with those lines of painful thought which furrowed his forehead. Did he love her still? Or was it only the horror of it? . . .

'So thou art there, thou true one,' the Master went on. 'Embrace me then!'

And Sarolta, lingering on the threshold, saw the fair giant bend his head and kiss the rugged face. She had lived among artists and foreigners all her life, and the sight did not startle her. On the contrary, there was something about the bond of affection that so obviously united these two that seemed to her touching. A realisation of Lothnar's immense loneliness, but for this, came to her; and with it an odd story of jealousy.

'I have brought *das Fräulein*,' said Reinhardt.

Lothnar turned in his chair to look at her; then he beckoned.

'Come here, *du kleine*.' His tone was different from any she had yet heard from him in their brief acquaintance. She had still to learn that, compared to the moods of genius, those of a spoilt beauty are monotonous. To-day, if Lothnar was tired and sad, he was unwontedly gentle. His eyes were kind; veiled was that glance of flame; his air was paternal.

He put out his hand; and for the first time she felt those long fingers close round hers.

'Na—what do you think, Friedel?' Retaining her hand as if it were that of a child, the composer looked up at his tenor. 'Shall we make an Iphigenia of that, dost think? Speak, Achilles! Will she be worth fighting for?'

Reinhardt's clear, full gaze, rested thoughtfully upon her.

'We have not sung together yet, since you did not wish it; but I have heard her once. The voice——'

He broke off and smiled so warmly, so encouragingly, at the girl, that she flashed back a grateful smile. A moment, like the gleam of steel out of the scabbard, Lothnar's piercing eyes went from one to the other; then the veil dropped over them again.

'She can attack the note, anyhow,' he said, 'for that, Costanza never fails me. But for the rest—well, we must see, we must see. Fräulein,' he released her hand, 'take a chair, please. A little more to the right—so—that I may see you. And thou, Friedel, hast brought the song I sent thee?'

Reinhardt opened his tightly buttoned frock-coat, and produced a roll of manuscript music.

'Ah, Master,' he said, impulsively, 'it is colossal, it is unspeakable, it is worthy of you! . . . What can I say?'

'Say no more, but see that you are worthy of it, dear one. Na—sing it. Sing it to me now!'

He leaned over and reached for the bell with the impatient hand of one who resents the slightest delay. There were slow firm steps upon the stairs, and an elderly man with a fan-like brown beard sprinkled with grey entered gravely into the room.

Sarolta recognised Herr Webel, the conductor. She was struck once more with his bourgeois stolid appearance. Here was none of Lothnar's rugged majesty of aspect; none of the Viking beauty of Reinhardt. Where Webel's head was not bald it was close-cropped. His figure was tuberous, his manner heavy and business-like; he wore spectacles. She was no physiognomist to read the serene power in the dome-like forehead, the acute and self-confident intelligence of the glance behind the spectacles, and the artistic development of the brow over the eyes.

'*Mein bester*,' said Lothnar, before the newcomer could pronounce a word. 'Time for greetings presently! Just now I am in a hurry. *Der Achilles da*—my Achilles must sing. Now, Friedel!'

In silence Webel took seat at the nearer piano. There was a deliberation about the man that disclaimed the least approach to flurry.

Reinhardt spread out the score; but Webel struck without even glancing at it. From the first chords a singular emotion took possession of Sarolta. Was it thus with all Lothnar's music, she wondered; and recalled the unforgettable impression of the 'Prometheus' evening.

'Stop!' cried Lothnar, abruptly.

The conductor's hands fell from the piano, and Reinhardt, filling his mighty chest for the first note, arrested himself open-mouthed.

'*In Gottes Namen!*' said the Master irritably, 'take off your hat, Fräulein. How can one think of Iphigenia in a hat? A hat like that! Ah, that is better; and if one would loosen one's hair a little. *Ach, brava!*... Look at her, Friedhelm; now so can it begin.'

CHAPTER X.

SAROLTA had heard music almost since her birth. In the happy-go-lucky, scrimmagy, out-at-elbow establishment in Maida Vale one standard at least had been held high—that of pure art. The ethics of the company the Mosenthals frequented may have been misty, their own religious tenets of the most elementary description, but the smallest Mosenthal child would have considered himself disgraced if he had failed to detect a false harmony anywhere, or the first shade of flatness in a violin string. With their bread-and-milk they had, so to speak, absorbed great ideals, and had chattered of Bach and Beethoven, of Gluck and Wagner, in as many tongues as there were nationalities in their blood. The trivial lilt, the obvious commonplace musical phrase, were things of scorn to them; and constant, bitter, had been their gibes on Pringle teaching and Pringle songs.

Though Sarolta had chosen to blind herself to the truth of this drastic home criticism, excited by Lady Isleworth's enthusiasm and that of her friends, and backed by Mrs. Mosenthal (for obvious reasons), in her heart she had always known the true metal from the pinchbeck.

Her year's training with Madame Visconti, during which she had had further opportunities of hearing the best music—classical or new epoch-making—through the best interpreters, had further prepared her to appreciate Lothnar. The huge rising

genius of the man had indeed flung its rays into the professor's domestic circle, long before his name had become accepted by the 'critic;' and the evening of 'Prometheus' had been an unforgettable revelation. Yet it seemed to her, as she sat in the dilapidated music-room of the Altschloss this day, that she realised, for the first time, the full glory of the human voice; that never had her soul been so filled with agony and bliss as by these trial strains of Iphigenia.

It was Reinhardt, the blonde giant, who stood there; his absurd frock-coat floating loose, the waistcoat Frau Reinhardt must have embroidered for him heaving with every measured breath; yet to Sarolta at this moment it was a divine being!

Afterwards, when her intelligent mind had grasped as much of the art of Lothnar as it is possible to understand apart from the incomprehensible flame of genius, she grew to appreciate how he had made use of simple, appealing, antique themes, of strange, forgotten rhythms, with all the resources of modern knowledge and craftsmanship. Now she only knew what she felt.

She had been denied acquaintance even with the scheme of the Opera. Classic knowledge had not been included in the curriculum at Maida Vale. Who Iphigenia was, and what her fate; why Achilles—familiar name of some type of invincible hero—broke his great soul in such wrath and lament about her, she knew not. But when Reinhardt fell silent at last upon an outburst that only the supremest art and the most perfect purity of tone saved from being a roar—a roar akin to that of a wounded lion—it seemed to her as if her heart stopped beating; as if nothing mortal could hearken to such passion and live.

The shattering vibration beat into silence; then Lothnar rose to his feet and spread out his arms.

'*Ach, du!*' he said.

It was the same exclamation that had greeted the tenor's entrance, but charged with what a world of meaning! Again the composer clasped his interpreter by the shoulders. 'Thou!' he repeated.

It seemed enough. Tears sprang to Reinhardt's eyes, and ran quite openly down into his beard.

'That I should have pleased you! . . .,' he said huskily. Then he wiped his forehead. 'It is heartrending! It is gigantic!'

Herr Webel sat on at his piano, without moving a muscle. His eyes were fixed on the score, now; and presently he began to strum out a passage, two or three times in succession, as if tasting the weird rhythm of it to the utmost.

Lothnar passed with a startling rapidity from this moment of emotion to another mood:

'And now, for her!' He shot his finger out towards Sarolta. 'Where is the score? Let her sing the answer.'

Webel dropped his hands from the keys in the attitude of one waiting. In contrast to his imperturbability, the agitation of the other two was almost comic.

'But, dear Master!' exclaimed Reinhardt, grabbing his fair curls with a gesture of despair. 'Have I misunderstood? Were they not your own orders? Did you not bid me hold back the score? She cannot sing it—the thing is impossible.'

And Sarolta had sprung to her feet with a cry: 'Herr Reinhardt, what am I to do?'

'Ach, was!' ejaculated Lothnar. His bushy brows were heavily drawn together. 'What is this?'

It was at her the fulminating question was hurled.

'I do not know what it is all about!' blurted out the girl in her extremity. 'They would not let me as much as buy the book. . . .'

'Ach, was!' he said again. His eyebrows worked.

'Have I all misunderstood, then?' said Reinhardt, in a higher tone of distress. But already the Master's mind had realised and leaped again.

'Did I say so? True, true! No; it is right. Better so! Better so!' He waved fiercely to check any further discussion on a matter settled; then turned once more to Sarolta:

'So you don't even know the story? Well, that pleases me. I shall tell it you. Then you shall sing. And then we shall see.'

He laid his hand upon her shoulder; it took her all her strength to remain erect beside him under the touch.

'Look at me,' he ordered. 'Now try to understand. If you are to be a singer of mine, you must put your spirit where I wish; at my bidding. Look at me. I am not Lothnar: I am Agamemnon—Agamemnon, the King.'

To her dilated gaze, the man, as he spoke, assumed another aspect. There seemed to flow from him, even from his hair

and beard, some atmosphere of royalty beyond the comprehension of modern thought. 'He says he's a king,' she told herself. 'He looks like a kind of god!' She remembered the Wotan of the days of her Wagner worship: some such kind of god as *that, angry yet subtle, swift and fierce; ay, and wounded in the spirit, even as a man might be, and yet remaining a god!*

'You are my daughter,' went on the solemn, compelling accents. 'Understand that—my daughter, Iphigenia, the virgin sprung of my house. My glory—my glory and my joy!'

The harsh voice here took a sudden inflection. Had it been as musical as Reinhardt's most exquisite note it could not have conveyed so keen a sense of pain. 'And I have sent for you to my camp by the Ægean Sea, where I and my legions lie idle because of the wrath of the goddess, while the honour of all Hellas waits upon the avenging of our arms. . . . I have sent for you, Iphigenia, because in you alone there is help.'

Sarolta flung back her head in unconscious pride, responsive to the clarion call of those last words. But, as her eyes met those of Lothnar's, they fell before some horror she found in them.

'I have offended the goddess, and she will have sacrifice. Do you understand? You have been told that you are here for your bridals; that Achilles, the hero among heroes, is your chosen spouse. Even now your mother, who loves you, makes ready for the feast, and prepares your wedding raiment. But it is to no man, thou virgin, that offering of thee is to be made.'

He bent his head, drew her closer to him by that paralyzing grasp.

'Thou art my child, and my beloved; but what the Dread One asks from thee and me, that we must do.'

'What is it?'

She spoke in a whisper, hardly knowing that she did so.

'Death,' he said.

If he had told it to her as a gladness, an honoured dignity, that she should be chosen to die for so great an end, the something passionate and high in her soul would have leaped to the pictured sacrifice in delight. But it was the utter fear of the doom, the misery and hideousness of it, that he meant to bring home to her. And he did so with a touch so merciless that she almost felt as if she were indeed the helpless girl

flung from her height of innocent joy and loving anticipation into this nightmare depth.

She did not hear Reinhardt's expostulation: 'Ach, Master, you are frightening the child.—It is only a fable after all, Fräulein Sarolta!' Hypnotised she found herself drawn to the piano; she saw how Lothnar swept the impassive Webel from his seat, and himself took his place; heard that broken muffled beating accompaniment that had haunted her ever since the afternoon in Paris.

'Sing,' he commanded over the tragic sobbing beat. 'Plead for youth, and love, unhappy doomed child! Plead against thy father's anguish.'

He struck the singing notes of her stammering lament; and, hardly knowing how she did it, she lifted her young voice, higher and higher, in ever more bewildered cries of pain and prayer. She knew no words as yet—so it had to be these mere notes, flung loose; as it were, bird-like. She was never to realise, herself, how sweet and pitiful they fell.

All at once, it seemed to her as if Death were actually upon her, and the terror of it beyond endurance.

'Ach, nein, nein—I cannot!' she exclaimed, covered her face with her hands, and broke into tears, sobbing and shuddering. 'Have pity on me!'

Was it Iphigenia appealing against the sentence, or merely Sarolta Vaneck breaking down under the ordeal?

Then, at the sound of her own sobs, she awoke to what she had done, with a cold realisation. She had proved herself unfit, had flung away her chance: she had failed utterly.

Keeping her face hidden in her hands, she stood waiting. She caught Reinhardt's gasping ejaculation. Her heart sank still further: he, too, knew it was finished, then! She heard Lothnar rise from the piano, noisily pushing his chair away. Once more now his touch was on her shoulder.

'Unsinn!' he was grumbling in his beard. 'Na—na—weep now if you must. Afterwards thou shalt be glad!' He turned, as he spoke, towards Friedhelm: 'It works itself out, does it not? How those Greeks understood! First tears, then courage. So it is with women. We men storm first, and then, perhaps, weep. Glad wilt thou be, that I tell thee. Glad thou wilt die—when the time comes, Iphigenia!'

Once more the mood changed with him.

'And now, children, practise this, pretty, together! Daily. Daily. And thoroughly. Is it understood?'

All the way home, through the bitter white mists that had gathered along the frozen roads, to the dull sordidness of her dwelling-place, Sarolta was silent. She felt dreamily tired, as one who has fought and gained a battle. But her heart was jubilating, and, like a song of triumph, the words ran in rhythmic repetition in her ears:

'Du wirst froh sein . . . froh zu sterben . . . das sag ich dir, Iphigenia!'

CHAPTER XI.

'JOHNNY! Johnny,' cried Lady Caroline, 'what is the matter with you? You don't listen to a word I say. You've grown so dull, Johnny; I can't imagine what's come over you.'

Sir John Holdfast looked at his godmother with something of the inarticulate misery of the dog in his honest eyes. He had a way of being dog-like, whether in spirits or out of them.

'I've noticed it,' proceeded the lady, 'ever since I came back to London. But really now, last night, Johnny, you were beyond everything. It was such a nice little party, too, and I put you beside the prettiest girl in London, and I don't think you so much as opened your lips to her.'

'I'm very sorry,' said Sir John limply.

'What is the good of my having a house for the season if you're going to behave like this? I thought we'd have all kinds of fun together! . . . and they tell me you've taken to the Opera. Wagner, too! Now, Johnny, what is the meaning of this? What reason on earth can make you—you—want to go and sit out all through the "Ring"?''

'To listen to the music, I suppose. That's what fellows go for, don't they?'

'Pooh—nonsense! You, Johnny? You can't tell "Pop goes the King" from "God Save the Weasel." Now, the truth. Who do you go with?'

'Nobody.'

The accents were too sincere to be doubted.

'Well, then,' said Lady Caroline, unctuously, 'you're in love. Ah!' as she saw the colour mounting to his sunburnt cheek—'you are in love! That's the mystery. Isn't she kind? Won't she have you?' Incredulity was in those heightened tones. 'I hope it's not a married woman. Oh, Johnny, Johnny! Now, my dear boy, let me tell you that at your age that's the very dickens! Of course I know it simply means that you ought to marry. It's very unselfish of me to say so, because I should lose you, of course, and hate your wife. Oh, yes, I should. But I'll pick you out a nice one all the same. What a pity you wouldn't look at little Lettice Vavasour last night! She's young, she's clever, she's pretty. And she's got money, Johnny.'

'I don't want money.'

'Nonsense—everybody wants money! What with the Budget, too, and that dreadful Lloyd George. How do you know that he won't walk off with your mines next year?—and then where will you be?'

The young man seemed unstirred by the awful prospect. He bent his head dejectedly and contemplated the carpet. Both his nice sunburnt hands were resting on the top of his cane.

His godmother surveyed him with a kindly, troubled glance, noting the while approvingly how the crisp brown hair rose from the narrow parting. Could any girl be such a fool as to refuse John Holdfast? Could any woman be hard-hearted enough to flout him?

All at once he looked up. For a whole year he had carried his burden in silence. But there comes a moment when even the most reserved feel impelled to confidence; and Johnny was too simple to be consciously reserved.

'You remember that day I took you down to Warborough House, ages ago?' he asked.

'Dear me, yes—you don't so often take me to parties, Johnny, that I'm likely to forget it. And I can't say you shone in your attentiveness that day. Dumped me, with my sprained knee, with that stupid Mary Mauprat and her ugly daughter. What about Warborough House?'

'Oh, nothing—only it began there.'

'Did it?' cried his godmother excitedly. Alertly she began to pass in mental review the likely charmers, married or un-

married, seen by her that afternoon to whom he might have lost his heart.

'Certainly you were odd,' she pondered candidly. 'Well, you may as well tell me who it is.'

'You don't know her—at least, I don't think you do. She—she—it's a Miss Vaneck, and she sings.'

'Sings!' repeated Lady Caroline with a piercing scream. 'John Holdfast, if you, too, have gone and made a fool of yourself with one of those Aldwych creatures, I'll——' She broke off, choking. And, as he did not immediately answer her, she took a fresh breath and proceeded in wrathful anxiety:

'Now, Johnny, for Heaven's sake, listen to me. I know it's the fashion, and all that. And you silly boys think you've done rather a fine thing when you've handed over your name, your fortune, your honour, to one of these . . . these terrible little wretches. . . . In my day it was bad enough, Heaven knows; but at least it was not the smart thing to marry them. Of course, I know she's only just eighteen. They all are. They're all alike as two peas—paint and hair and teeth. Listen, Johnny! Poor Cassandra Merehaven asked me to meet her daughter-in-law the other night. She's trying to make the best of her, poor thing; and oh, my dear boy! there she was—she was Zarah Flower, you know—and there she sat with the Merehaven diamonds on her tousled dyed head and a lovely French dress on. Oh, yes, pretty enough in her painted way; but it wasn't that. Lots of people paint and dye. Johnny'—she leaned forward and touched him impressively on the arm—'her hands, Johnny!'

'Oh, I say,' said Johnny, goaded. 'It isn't anything of that sort. It's—Lady Warborough started her—had her taught, you know. She's not got any dye in her hair, nor paint on her cheeks; she's quite young, and her hands—' He paused; how many a time he had stared longingly at those slender pale hands of Sarolta's, with their vivid trick of gesture, and that way they had of folding themselves fiercely one across the other as if she were clasping her destiny. How often he had wanted to take them into his—those disdainful delicate hands.

'Her hands are all right,' he went on lamely. 'And she's not been on any stage yet.' He winced as he spoke, as if the word hurt him. 'She's going to be an opera-singer.'

Lady Caroline sat bewildered, nonplussed. John Holdfast in love with an opera-singer! That seemed about as incongruous a situation as could be devised. But then, by his own showing, it was only an opera-singer in the making—some slip of a girl. Lady Warborough's *protégée*. . . . She knew Vera Warborough's swans!

'Dear me!' she said at last. 'It sounds dreadfully silly. She wants to be an opera-singer, does she? It does not always come off, Johnny, you know. And——'

'She going to appear next month,' said Sir John. He drew a printed announcement from his breast-pocket, and laid it on Lady Caroline's lap. 'Her name is there—Sarloita Vaneck; I haven't seen her since she went to that place. She won't let me come to her—and I wish I was dead.'

But Lady Caroline caught up the announcement with her staccato cry as certain words in large print caught her eye. "'Lothnar!' " "Iphigenia!" "Frankheim!" But, heavens, Johnny, you don't mean to say . . .?' She fumbled among her laces for her eyeglass; and, after a closer inspection, proceeded: 'My dear boy, this is positively thrilling! Everybody's talking about it. Everyone wants to go. They say it's almost impossible to get seats now, for months. Lothnar! Count Wenndorf was talking about him last night. I'd give my eyes to go.'

Sir John Holdfast dropped back into his moody attitude.

'I'd give something to go too. But—she wrote and told me not to. And now she won't answer my letters at all. Hang it all, sometimes I wish I was not a gentleman.'

'Perhaps it's just as well,' said his godmother consolingly. 'After all, Johnny, you'd only make a fool of yourself. You can't marry an opera-singer.'

'Can't I? I jolly well would—if she'd have me. I'll never have anyone else.'

'Is it as bad as that?'

'It could not be worse,' said Sir John Holdfast solemnly. 'Look here, godmother; the first instant I saw her I knew it was all up with me. And for two years there has not been an hour—upon my soul, I know what I'm saying; if I do sleep I dream of her—there has not been an hour that I don't think of her. I'd have cut my right hand off to keep her from the stage. But she—— Have you ever been to that "Ring" thing? I suppose you have. Well, there's a woman singing in it now

She's doing Brünnhilde—a kind of goddess, you know, with her helmet and her breastplate, who comes flying down the rocks; well, she reminds me of Sarolta—not in face, because she has red hair and all that, and Sarolta's dark. But there's a kind of fire about her. . . . Oh, I can't explain! And you know, she hates the thought of love, at first——'

He broke off. Lady Caroline was listening in amazement, open-mouthed. She had thought pleasant empty-headed Johnny incapable of making so long a speech, much less of anything approaching the sentimentality it indicated.

'But Brünnhilde was made to love in the end,' she remarked at length.

The young man lifted his eyes and looked at her.

'Yes,' he said heavily. Then he blurted out: 'That's just it. She's that kind. When she does love it will be that way. No one else will have a chance. She'll just leap into the fire.'

At another moment Lady Caroline would have been amused at the quaint manner Johnny had jumbled his own story and that of the opera—the singer, and the character she acted—into one dismal parable. But the young man's unhappiness was too deep not to command respect.

'Why won't she have you?' asked the old lady, not without indignation.

'Just because—oh, she says, because of the career and all that. But it isn't that. It's just—well, I might try for ever.' He gave a rueful smile. 'I can't get through to her, you see; she's on a rock, like Brünnhilde.—But I'll never give her up.' It was through his clenched teeth that the last words came, scarcely audible.

Lady Caroline sat, absorbed in reflection, one plump jewelled hand softly beating her knee. Her kind heart was stirred. She could not bear to see her Johnny with that look in his eyes. She sighed; it did not seem so very long ago since she had herself thought that life could not be carried on without the one particular beloved. She had been married very comfortably to another; and so had he. And yet—had there not always been something lame, something incomplete?

She could not, of course, approve of Johnny wanting to marry out of his class. But nowadays—— And it wasn't as if the girl wanted him either. And, after all, if it made the poor boy any happier to go to Frankheim, why should not she hold

out a helping hand? She could not afford the tickets herself, nor the journey on the top of them; but it would mean nothing to Johnny to take her; and it would be a delightful and amusing experience. And everyone was going. Lady Caroline was of those who thought much of what everyone did.

'Well,' she said at last, with the air of one sacrificing comfort, and even principle, for friendship's sake, 'I can't bear to see you like this. I am an old fool, I know. But there, you shall take me to Frankheim if you like. And you shall see your singer—at least from the stalls.'

John Holdfast's face did not light up in the manner she expected.

'Since she won't have me there,' he said obstinately.

'She can't prevent you from going to see what all the world's going to see,' his godmother tartly cried. 'You needn't force yourself upon her because you've got a seat at the Frankheim Opera-house. But once there, Johnny, who knows if I mightn't be of use to you? I'm not forbidden to go and see her! Besides,' she added, sapiently, 'I wouldn't give that for your chances, Master Johnny, if you were to keep sulking in England at the most important moment of your young lady's life. Good heavens, I know what I should think of an admirer who wasn't ready to lead the house or fling garlands of flowers at my feet on such an occasion. Pooh, don't talk to me about her forbidding you to come! That's a pretty old game! Didn't Brünnhilde have herself surrounded by fire?'

But Johnny was hardly listening any more. The vision of Sarolta's first appearance had risen vividly before his mind's eye. All the world was going; anyone who cared and who had the money for a ticket could be there to applaud or condemn. He remembered how nervous she had seemed on the night of the Mortons' concert. . . . What, indeed, would she think of a love that left her unencouraged, unsustained, at such a moment?

And if she were to prove a failure . . . ?

He had been learning all he could about singers, their duties, their trials, lately; and he knew that no one could quite tell, before the test, whether a new star was destined to shine or fall. If Sarolta fell from her dangerous chosen height, might it not be upon his breast?

'I say, godmother,' he cried suddenly, 'I'll keep you to that.'

CHAPTER XII.

THE Frankheim Opera-house was packed to overflowing. Besides the subscribers from the town—not at all inclined to cede their privileges even to the wealthiest and most distinguished guests—there was the influx from all parts of the music-loving world. No paper of note but had sent its critic; there were the many amateurs who really cared; the many more who pretended to care; the idle rich and the ‘up-to-date *à tout prix*.’ The Grand Duke’s party included a young Prince of the Empire. The second Mosenthal boy had travelled from Berlin, and found a seat in the gallery. Madame Costanza, her handsome countenance set into lines of sternness, to conceal the seething excitement within her dramatic soul, sat Sphinx-like in the stage-box. Frau Hegemann’s aged visage might be seen on the right of her; and on her left a cocked-nosed pretty face, quivering and pale; Sady Schreiber had come from Paris with the great teacher—neither of them had been allowed to see Sarolta yet—and Sady wondered whether her friend felt half as nervous as she did.

‘I’m just clammy!’ she whispered breathlessly into Madame’s ear.

But Madame’s noble profile moved not by a shade to show that she heard—if indeed she heard.

Johnny Holdfast, piloting Lady Caroline towards the seats he had secured (by a cheque that would have made that lady gasp, had she known), felt, as he told himself, ‘jolly wretched.’ Although it was like wine to his starved heart to be once more in the same town with Sarolta, he had something of the sensations of a man about to attend his rival’s wedding. His only hope lay in the girl’s public failure, and it was not in Johnny to wish for such a thing as that. Therefore, while his pulses beat heavily in apprehension at the thought of the ordeal before her, he knew that the triumph he could not pray for was his own doom. Had he loved her less or himself more he would not have been torn between this double anxiety. Strong-willed John Holdfast had a terribly soft heart.

Through this inarticulate pain of his, Lady Caroline, more than usually loquacious, kept up a running commentary which nearly drove him to distraction.

‘Johnny, Johnny . . . I declare, there’s Lady Warborough! Dear me—and she was so hoity-toity when I spoke to her about

your girl the other day! And isn't that Sir Arnold Pringle beside her?—Yes, it is. How charming! I'd rather hear Sir Arnold sing one of his little songs than anything else in this world. No voice, of course, but, oh, Johnny, such art, such phrasing!—Isn't that the Mrs. Morton who gives the concerts? You know, Johnny—the Jew woman? Don't you see, over there?—Oh, Johnny, Johnny, what are you dreaming about! Not that I can't guess! Well, it won't be long before you see her now. Poor Johnny! I wonder if she'll succeed . . . You never told me what kind of a voice she has. Dear me, I remember Mario saying to my mother, "*Quel dommage qu'elle soit fille de comtesse!*" I used to sing, dear, like a linnet—contralto, of course. I never think a dark soprano sounds right. By the way, I hope she's not dark, Johnny? Ah!—There's Mr. Christy—'

There was a sudden stir through the chattering audience—a hush, and then the simultaneous lowering of all the lights plunged the building into a darkness full of mystery, tense with expectation. From the invisible orchestra the first notes stole upon the ear. They seemed like a far-off call of triumph. Then the beat of drums, muffled in unbroken rhythm, like the tramp of marching feet. Louder the trumpet's call and nearer, with the added voices of many other instruments; rushing murmurs among the strings, light of piping flutes, clash of cymbals—a sense of hurry and confusion mixing with an ordered marching lilt.

The overture to Lothnar's 'Iphigenia' had begun. A web of sound, subtly barbaric, yet rich with the endless resources of the modern orchestra.

Sir John Holdfast, in spite of his recent assiduous attendance at Covent Garden, had certainly no aptitude for appreciating such music as Lothnar's. Had he attended the first night of 'Iphigenia' out of mere curiosity or idleness, his criticism would probably have been, 'rummy kind of stuff'; but, as it was, he had no eyes, no ears, no senses for anything that was not Sarolta.

The feelings that gripped his heart when the slight figure, in its white draperies, first ran in upon the stage, arms outstretched to greet Agamemnon, were all pain to the honest youth. He felt those hundreds of eyes fixed upon his beloved and resented them as a personal outrage.

There was a rustle of emotion through the house as the first notes of her voice rang out. Little as he knew about music, Johnny realised that they were extraordinarily pure. He knew no German, and had very little notion what the drama was about; but from his Eton days there remained a vague memory of Agamemnon's hideous sacrifice, and he wished uneasily they had not given her such a part. In the first act, however, the music allotted to her was all descriptive of innocent joy, virginal hopes, filial trust. The pathos of this was a little lost on Johnny; nor had he the least realisation of the art that could draw so piercing a contrast between the gaiety of the cheated girl and the agony of doubt in Agamemnon's moody soul.

When the first act was over there was no applause; such was by Lothnar's stringent rule, printed in red on the programme. But Johnny remained in ignorance of this, as also Lady Caroline, among whose accomplishments German was not. She concluded that the production was a fiasco. For herself she was not surprised—it was even worse than Wagner—that was all she could say.

'What a frost! Good gracious, not even a clap in the gallery! Makes one quite uncomfortable. My dear Johnny, fancy bringing me all the way from England to hear this! . . . Not that I am not glad to help you, you silly boy.' She patted his hand. 'She is a pretty little thing, Johnny; and she's got a nice voice . . . I prefer a contralto myself. I wonder how Volga likes being Clytemnestra. . . . Oh dear, couldn't you get Sir Arnold to come and speak to me? How bored he must be!—Johnny, do you hear me?'

'I beg your pardon,' said, in good English, the German who was Sir John's neighbour, as the latter made a dazed effort to obey. 'It is not allowed—see, it is written on your programme. Kindly be seated again, the pause will be very short.'

'Good gracious,' said Lady Caroline petulantly.

The lights were lowered even as the exclamation escaped her, and the hidden orchestra broke into a loud lament.

Johnny sat on resolutely. His first sensation of cold misery was giving way to irrepressible hopes. If the whole business was the 'frost' Lady Caroline averred—and indeed it seemed like it—by George, he had never come across such a thing in his life: the silence had been deadly!—might not Sarolta take an immediate disgust to such thankless work? Nay, it seemed to

him that had she been personally a success they must have applauded her if not the music. . . . There had been a lot of whispering and jabbering when the curtain fell, but no one as much as dropped a single *brava*; and some paralysing sense kept him equally dumb. He told himself now that it had been lucky: even unanimous silence is better than one unsupported effort.

At the conclusion of the second act Lady Caroline declared that she had been asleep, and, in the same breath, that she had too sensitive a nature to be subjected to such torture. She asked Johnny fiercely if there was a single melody in the whole affair; and Johnny was unable to answer. Presently, however, she grew quite cheery again, recalling her favourite airs from 'Lucia' and 'Rigoletto,' and was moved to hum one for his benefit, when the lights went down again, and Johnny's neighbour cried 'Hush!'

'Thank goodness, this is the last act, anyhow,' sighed the lady, resigning herself.

Lothnar's librettist was a scholar and poet of standing; and the book had been kept singularly close to the antique original. But Lothnar would have none of the *Dea ex machina* solution, which he characterised—with that arrogant frankness of his—as *lauter Dummheit*. His opera ended on that utmost point of tragedy when Iphigenia goes forth, high-hearted, to her doom. It was only the sudden strength of spirit in the frail body that redeemed the utter awfulness and desolation of the story. As it was, many eyes were dim in the great audience; and in the pause that fell for one breathless moment, after the last note had died away, some one sobbed audibly.

Then there rang at last such a simultaneous burst of acclamation from every part of the house that it broke upon the ear like an explosion. Men and women stood up; some sprang on their seats; calling, clapping, waving handkerchiefs.

Johnny gaped dumfounded; then suddenly the frenzy seized him too, and he shouted his English 'Hurray, hurray!'—much as a soldier will cheer in the charge which he knows means death to him.

Suddenly the purple-velvet curtains were flung apart. The young man held his breath; but instead of the frail lovely figure he expected, there rushed to the front a tall, ungainly man, with death-white face, dishevelled hair and beard. While you

could count ten, this strange being stood facing the clamour of applause hurled at him with much such a countenance of defiance as a man might have opposed to execration. His hands were clutching the curtains on either side of him; his eyes, looking out across that swaying crowd, flamed, and yet seemed to see nothing.

Four or five wreaths came hurtling towards him; the next instant he was gone.

As Lothnar strode back across the stage, Webel and Reinhardt—still in his glittering accoutrements—sprang to meet him. He embraced them both without a word; then Reinhardt cried out—loud enough to overcome the clamour ringing on the other side of the curtain, while the tears that emotion wrung from his simple nature ran down his cheeks:

‘Master, go back—hear how they call——’

‘Go back . . . to be pelted with greenstuff!’ cried Lothnar. His face was working as if in a violent rage.

Suddenly he caught the young giant to him again; his ice-cold fingers gripping the naked braceleted arms.

‘Mein besseres Ich—my better self!’ he muttered through his teeth. ‘Thou, too, old machine,’ he said, turning then on Webel and patting his shoulder as if he were a child. ‘I am content with thee.’

The storm rose and fell behind the curtain more fitfully—there was less clapping, but more shouting.

‘They call for the artists,’ said stolid Webel.

‘Let them call,’ retorted Lothnar. ‘He or she that steps outside that curtain sings no more for me!’

He swept the stage with those eyes of pale fire. A hesitating group of men, Agamemnon and others of the cast, stood watching him anxiously, not daring to approach. Lothnar took a step forward and held out his hand; but even as Agamemnon clasped it, the composer’s glance wandered:

‘Where are the women?’

‘Madame Volga has gone to her dressing-room,’ said Webel. ‘She is very much annoyed that she may not take her call.’

‘Pshaw!—Where is the little one? Na, I will find her for myself. The noise there gets on my nerves. What do they understand, in the end, of me or of my work?—Nothing, nothing. . . . Dogs that bark together.’

Reinhardt at his shoulder, he went, grumbling, up the stairs that led to the dressing-rooms. As he knocked at Sarolta's door, the tenor left him and retired to his own cell.

It was the girl herself who opened; she stood on the threshold pale and trembling. Lothnar halted before her, staring at her for an appreciable time in silence; then, without making the slightest movement to touch her, he said a few words in a low voice, turned on his heel, and strode off.

'You—I kiss you in my soul.'

These were the words he had spoken.

When Madame Costanza and Sady rushed in upon Iphigenia they found her sitting, with her hands clasped, a smile upon her lips. To their embraces and acclamations, their kisses and tears, she had scarcely a word of response.

She went through the rest of the evening as one in a dream. Afterwards, looking back upon it, she could remember nothing definite beyond that moment in which Lothnar had looked at her, had pierced her to the soul with those blue flaming eyes, and had spoken that unforgettable thing: 'I kiss you in my soul. . . .'

'Non, écoutez,' said Madame Costanza to the appeals of Sady, backed by those of an effusive young Mosenthal. 'Leave her alone, the poor little one; she is not fit for all this noise to-night. *Ah ça*, let her be, I tell you!—Leave her in the clouds! Yes, yes, go home, *petite*. Go to your silence and your visions. You'll touch earth soon enough!—Supper? It is who will sup. *Ah, oui*, it hollows one, those emotions! Come, my children.'

She caught Sady on one side, and Chopin Mosenthal on the other, with a firm grip.

'But first, where is Lothnar?—where is that demon, that angel? Shall I not embrace him? I tell you I will embrace him. Run, Chopin, my son! Find out for me if there is still a morsel of him left to embrace.'

But Chopin Mosenthal, the Grand Duke's equerries, several excited critics from London, Paris, and New York, not to speak of compatriots, were to hunt in vain that night for the composer of 'Iphigenia.' Lothnar had passed, meteor-like, and was now, with only Reinhardt beside him, driving away through the dark

side *Alleen* of the Park back to the well-defended solitude of his Schloss.

There was silence between the two men. Reinhardt was aware that, in the Master's present state of nerve tension, even a look might be more than he could bear. It was only when the great man was seated in his padded arm-chair, his long, irritable fingers absently filling the china bowl of a pipe, that conversation began again. The tenor, excellent fellow, was secretly longing for his own cosy nest and the dutiful ministrations of his Bertha. But the tie that bound him to Lothnar was one of paramount closeness; he knew himself needed. Only to him would the genius unburden his mind of the hundred-and-one causes of exasperation which the triumphant performance of his work had produced in him to-night—the bassoon that had been half a second late on the great blast; the flatness of a certain violin passage; the want of perfect unison in the sweeping accompaniment of the seven harps. And Agamemnon—

'Agamemnon leaves me singularly doubtful. The *Kerl* lacks classic dignity: he remains German. A German *paterfamilias*! Na, he was nervous, as you say . . . But that Volga! Why did I ever have her? She is Italian and of the worst traditions! It's in her blood, Friedel . . . she sang to the audience, she sang to the Grand Ducal box. She sang as if she had been at La Scala. *Donnerwetter!* What is that you say? The voice? I'll grant you the voice . . . rich, rolling out like Burgundy, strong and dark . . . Ach, she could be tragic—the slut! But she'd rather be Covent Garden! I'll never make her creature of mine. . . . She'll never fit into my scheme. . . . She'll have to march. Hearest thou, Friedel—march! . . . March she shall!'

Amid clouds of Kanaster smoke he leaned his pale face forward, twitching with anger, lined with the arduous work and concentration of months. His voice had a sharp tone.—Anxious to lead the overstrained mind into more pleasant thought, Reinhardt paused in the midst of his second *Seidel* of beer to murmur soothingly that 'Iphigenia had been perfect.'

'Iphigenia!' echoed Lothnar. He fell back in his chair, dropped his pipe on the table, and remained silent, with fixed gaze. Then his moustaches twitched with a smile. '*Ach, die.* . . . Yes, that one is all mine. I can make of her what I please. . . . That is as it must be.'

Holding his glass poised on the way to his lips, Reinhardt turned his clear eyes full upon his Master.

'But I?' he said, uplifting his Viking head, with an unconscious pride. 'But I—I am a free spirit—Ich bin ein freier Geist.'

Lothnar's fierce gaze softened.

'Thou?' he said, with a chuckle. 'As thou art, thou art dear to me.' Then sardonic laughter shook him. 'Free?—poor soul . . . your little fat wife could pop you into her oven if she had a fancy to see you brown!' He leaned deeper back into his chair and drove his fingers into his forked beard. 'Women,' he growled—'women are the Devil.'

(To be continued.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.



WITH this number of the Magazine is given the third of a series of 'Examination Papers' on the works of famous authors, being Viscount St. Cyres' questions on Lewis Carroll. For the best set of answers to this paper the Editor offers a prize of Two Guineas. The name of

the Prizewinner will be announced in the April number of the Magazine, together with the correct answers to the questions.

We reprint Mr. Owen Seaman's paper on 'The Poetical Works of Robert Browning,' with the correct answer to each question.

1. From which of his poems (not itself a drama) may we gather that Browning fancied himself as a playwright? *Answer* : 'A Light Woman.'
2. How does one of the poet's unnamed characters propose to treat his runaway wife if they should meet in Paradise? Quote the actual words. *Answer* : 'I will pass, nor turn my face.'
3. You and I and Galileo—what defect common to us all is noted by Browning? *Answer* : Incapability of seeing the other side of the moon.
4. 'For they do all, dear women young and old,
Upon the heads of them bear notably
This badge of soul and body in repose.'
What was the badge? and in what country worn? *Answer* : White cotton nightcaps. Normandy.
5. Which two of Browning's characters had the best whole day's holiday? *Answer* : Pippa and Hervé Riel.
6. 'All's gules again.' On whose arms? and how was the colour restored? *Answer* : The Treshams'. By blood.
7. What is Browning's so-called rhyme for Lucifer? *Answer* : 'News of her.'
8. 'Here is the lover in the smart disguise.' What was the scene of this observation? *Answer* : Castelnuovo.
9. (a) To whom did Browning give the title 'sun-treader'? (b) Who took her name from the flower of the wild pomegranate? *Answers* : (a) Shelley. (b) Balaustion.
10. (a) Quote the passage in which Browning laughs at Byron's grammar. (b) In which other of his longer poems does he ridicule Byron's address to Ocean in 'Childe Harold'? *Answers* : (a) 'There let him lay'—the swan's one addled egg! (b) Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society.
11. Who described Elys' head as being 'sharp and perfect like a pear'? Who quoted, and to whom, the song in which these words occur? *Answer* : Sordello. Palma to Taurello.
12. Who was it that found, in the spectacle of 'Charles's Wain' at midnight, a sign that he must get his hair cut at once? *Answer* : Mr. Sludge, the Medium.

Readers of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE know their Browning all too well. Of the large number of competitors answering—the ladies being in the majority—no less than six have submitted perfectly correct answers to the Browning questions—namely, Rev. Dr. Crowden, Miss Mary Fraser, Mrs. C. Russell, Mrs. M. K. Sikes, Mrs. A. H. Smith, and Miss A. A. Tait.

Rather than divide the prize into such small fractions as would be necessary if it were shared between them, we have sent these six competitors a few further questions from Mr. Owen Seaman in order to reach a final decision. The result will be published next month.

Several competitors who were close up fell out by reason of minor inaccuracies. Of more importance were the references under No. 10 to 'La Saisiaz' and the 'Epilogue to Filippo Baldinucci.' But the former does not decry Byron: the latter is a less good example than 'Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.'

PAPER III.

On Lewis Carroll's Works.

- i. 'Alice in Wonderland,'
- ii. 'Through the Looking Glass,' and
- iii. 'Rhyme? and Reason?' comprising 'Phantasmagoria' and 'The Hunting of the Snark.'

By VISCOUNT ST. CYRES.

1. Which of the various pieces of good advice given her did Alice find it hardest to put into practice?
2. Whose performance on what instrument might have reminded whom of his happy youth?
3. For how many haddocks' eyes might the Aged Man have bought a remedy for one of his ailments?
4. How may the apple inside a dumpling be otherwise described?
5. Give a short and unlikely query addressed to one who has been offered undesired refreshment.
6. Which prominent character resembles in disposition which of the parts of speech?
7. Who moved even more delicately than the White Rabbit, and why?
8. In what respect did the Baker resemble the Fat Boy in 'Pickwick'?
9. Who, by what transposition of a popular maxim, might have consoled the cook for the gardener's mistake?
10. What kind of an animal might Alice, who heard the Gnat talk long before she set eyes on it, have fairly imagined it to be?
11. Had the mouse possessed the talent of a dramatist, what might it have made of the Norman Conquest?
12. Whose lung capacity was inferior to the Knight Mayor's own?

Competitors must observe the following Rules:

1. Each question must be answered in not more than six words.
2. All replies must be sent in on the printed and perforated form supplied with the Magazine. This form should be folded and sealed, and must be in the hands of the Editor not later than the first post on Friday, March 10, 1911.
3. No correspondence can be undertaken by the Editor, whose decision is final.

